# The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

**Stories**

WILLIAM E. WILSON

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

**Poems**

PHILIP MURRAY

LINCOLN FITZELL

**The Role of the Intellectual**

THEODOR GEIGER

**Television in Great Britain**

LYNN POOLE

**Little England beyond the Missouri**

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

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## The Colorado Quarterly

SPRING, 1953

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Stories by A. K. LEWIS, LEWIS B. PATTEN

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## About the authors

CONTRIBUTORS to this issue of THE COLORADO QUARTERLY represent all parts of the country and many fields of endeavor. Colorado authors are by no means passed up, but there are fewer of them than in the previous two issues. The aim of THE COLORADO QUARTERLY, we repeat, is to have scholars and specialists write for us, and to write in such a manner that they can be understood by the general reader, not merely by their specialist-colleagues.

THEODOR GEIGER, native of Munich, educated at Munich and Würzberg, held many important academic posts in Germany until forced out in 1933. He continued his academic career in numerous European universities, especially in Sweden and Denmark. Mr. Geiger has written on social stratification in Germany, on post-war changes in German social strata, and on other sociological topics in four books and numerous articles. In 1951-52, Professor Geiger was guest professor at the University of Toronto, lecturer at the University of Chicago, and a participant in the University of Colorado's Conference on World Affairs (April, 1952). He died on his way home last summer. His article is a reworking of the address he gave in Boulder at the Conference.

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# The role of the intellectual in modern society

THEODOR GEIGER

I should like to begin by drawing attention to the cultural past of Europe, although I am well aware of the fact that things have been and still are different on this side of the Atlantic. These differences in American life and culture will occupy us presently.

In the social history of the Old World, the intellectual man took over the former function of the Roman clergy. Throughout the Middle Ages, the clergy had taken care of the spiritual life of the people. Apart from this avowed and public function, they had in their monasteries an esoteric culture, perpetuating and preserving, in an otherwise barbaric world, the cultural treasures of antiquity. It was from the ancient cultures, Greek and Roman, in fact, that the Renaissance drew its values, making them the basic substance of a new layman's culture.

At that time, during the late fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries, cities had developed, a wealthy and worldly urban patriciate had risen to power and superseded the feudal-rural structure of medieval society. A literate upper class superimposed their mundane, humanist culture on the sub-culture and the essentially religious thought of the broad masses.

The intellectual man, as we know him today, emerged out of this historical situation. Classical humanism was his cradle, secular enlightenment was the atmosphere of his youth. The rational emancipation of mankind promised to be the achievement of his mature age.

To describe, from the Renaissance onwards, the development of the western intelligentsia, would mean unfolding the cultural history of five hundred years. Nevertheless, to establish something of the historical background of our topic, I should like to characterize the functions of the intellectual during the nineteenth century, which was his climax, anyway. In doing this, I will have to refer, alternately, to the creative *intelligentsia* in a narrower

sense, and to the broader stratum of the reproductive, practicing, and even merely receptive, *intellectual.*

With the French Revolution, the European bourgeoisie attained political and social supremacy. The ideology behind their revolution was the philosophy of enlightenment. So, it may be said that the intellectuals of the eighteenth century were the ideological pioneers who paved the way for the revolutionary bourgeoisie.

In the society of the nineteenth century, as it emerged out of the French Revolution, the intelligentsia, and in their wake the intellectuals, held a fourfold key position.

(1) They were in close kinship with the higher bourgeoisie, in large part originating from bourgeois families. As sons and brothers, cousins and sons-in-laws of the ruling class, they participated, indirectly, in the power and prestige of the bourgeoisie.

(2) The intellectuals were the cultural elite of their time, recognized and acknowledged as such by the entire civil society. This post-revolutionary society, which had arisen out of the spirit of enlightenment, was acutely aware of its cultural mission. The politically ruling bourgeoisie not only knew themselves to be the vanguard of *economic* progress—they felt equally responsible for *cultural* progress towards humanistic and humanitarian ideals. The entrepreneur, an economic pioneer, and the creative intelligentsia, advance guard of cultural progress, were analogous figures, leaders of civil society, each in his own way.

Bourgeois society took shape in the national state. Literacy, which before had been the privilege of a cosmopolitan elite, became a national concern. The bourgeois-democratic nation established itself as an integrated cultural unit, and the intellectuals became the exponents of national culture. This may explain the fact that a special brand of nationalism is still a professional disease of many intellectuals.

Together with their political supremacy, the victorious bourgeoisie took over the role of protector of cultural life, a role formerly performed by the nobility. There was, however, one point of difference. The nobility, living off their estates and their toiling peasantry, had no other responsibility than being refined and caring for higher values. The entrepreneur, on the other

hand, was up to his neck in business. All the same, he felt an obligation to protect and support higher culture, and to some extent even actively to participate in it, to be knowledgeable, and a connoisseur of art, literature, and music. According to the humanistic ideas of the time, the intellectual was the model of genteel education. Whosoever laid claim to being a gentleman, and not a mere money-bag, had to imitate the example. The intellectual stamped upon society a high degree of respect for culture and higher education.

(3) In addition to this, the intellectuals even held a key position politically. In the name of enlightenment, the revolutionary bourgeoisie had fought the traditions and institutions of post-medieval society. The intellectual played an important role as a guide to political decisions. Enlightened society should conform to the laws of reason. The ideal of scientific truth was supposed to be normative for policy-making. And who could be more capable of discovering alleged political truth than the scientifically trained and scholarly intellectuals? Certainly, as an elite they had no ruling power. The sovereign was the democratic nation. But the intellectuals were supposed to present their political ideas for public discussion. The entire population was not expected to be creative of political ideas but to act in a selective capacity. According to the optimistic concept of the *homo rationalis*, the reasonable man, it was taken for granted that, among all the political ideas known to the citizens, the best and most advanced ones would necessarily be victorious in general discussion and would be adopted by the majority of citizens. Hence, the prominent role played by the political clubs and the coffee houses during the French Revolution. In these intimate circles the intellectuals discussed politics among themselves, clarifying their ideas before presenting them to the general public, either in pamphlets, or through the daily or weekly press, or in public meetings.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, the intellectuals even held some kind of unwarranted parliamentary mandate. The propertied upper class were busy with their economic affairs. The liberalistic state of the time entered into and concerned itself with only a very small fraction of the entire social or human activity that went on within the state; its sovereignty functions

were few, and economically unimportant. The men of affairs, therefore, were quite content to leave politics to the intellectuals. The lawyer became a standard figure in the political life of France, and even in the Frankfurt Parliament of 1848, the professional men and free-lance intellectuals held the platform.

(4) The miraculous achievement of the nineteenth century was the general rationalization of life. Science had contributed its share to industrialization and technical progress. As traditional or trial-and-error procedures were replaced—in every field of social activity—by technical rational methods, the demand of scientifically trained personnel increased. The intellectual stratum was charged with a practical function in addition to the spiritual and the political ones.

This, in sketchy strokes, was the state of things in Europe before World War I. The intellectuals held a central position in social life and enjoyed a prestige corresponding with it. They were, if one may say so, the aristocracy within bourgeois society.

On this continent, things were different and had developed differently. There was no such thing as the Classical-humanist tradition to give the intellectual a standing remote from the turmoil of the struggle for existence. Those pioneers who three hundred years ago laid the foundations of American society were mostly common people. They brought with them their fists, their intention to build a new world, and their religious ideas. Secular scholarship and the aesthetic refinements of post-Renaissance culture meant little to them. Neither had later arrivals from Europe been in close contact with the intellectual life of their home countries.

For the first century or more, conditions did not encourage an elaborate cultural superstructure. The development of a higher intellectual life presupposes a certain national prosperity, a surplus of production. But three hundred years ago, this continent had, economically speaking, to start from scratch. People were faced with raw nature and had to wring a living from it. The newly settled farmer and rancher, the miner and prospector, the logger and the trapper—none of them had any use for what we call higher culture. They were concerned with the more elemen-

tary things of life, fighting from day to day for mere physical survival. And even when urbanization had started in the East, South, and West, there still was a last frontier until seventy years ago.

It is hardly surprising that a society which developed from such origins did not share the European veneration for scholarship and intellectual refinement for their own sake. It developed, instead, what many Europeans still contemptuously call a materialistic frame of mind and set of values. It would be kinder and more appropriate to term it a pragmatic attitude. Scholarship was not valued on its own merits. When the population grew, when life became urbanized and industry developed, the intellectual was needed—but mainly in his practical capacity.

European romantics have for a long time been complaining about the so-called Americanization of Europe—meaning that, especially since World War I, even in Europe, the old, Classical-humanistic tradition has been fading, the sacerdotal quality of the scholar as the cultural exponent of nations has been wearing thin, and the pragmatic set of values has been steadily gaining ground. To a certain extent, this is true, although it is questionable whether the European bourgeoisie of 1918 had much more to lose than cultural pretenses. In any case, the statement is one-sided. While Europe became—in this sense—"Americanized," America was "Europeanized." The frontier is a thing of the past. For nearly one hundred years now, an increasingly integrated American society has felt the need of a cultural superstructure and has encouraged intellectual activities not immediately connected with the necessities of economic life.

The unbiased observer of today will, in this respect, not find any remarkable difference between the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic. If there is any really noticeable difference, then it consists mainly in the far greater prosperity of America, on the strength of which she can afford to give subsidies to science and the arts and even magnanimously contribute to support the underfed intelligentsia of the Old World. And where, during the last two decades, did persecuted intellectuals from the totalitarian countries of Europe find an asylum and opportunities to continue their work? America invited them by the thousands, and I think not

out of mere charity, but because she was convinced that intellectual talent could be more gainfully made use of than by torture and imprisonment.

But to return to our topic, the role of the intellectual in this increasingly unified Western World of ours. Three main functions of the intellectual have been mentioned: the spiritualization of life; political leadership; the rationalization of economic and other social activities. Let us look at them, in this order.

A social stratum enjoys the prestige which corresponds with the public evaluation of its function. Certainly, the intellectual of today derives less social prestige from his loftier functions than did his predecessor in the nineteenth century. This general brand of personal culture is no longer generally acknowledged as a model for imitation and genteel ambition.

On this continent, the economic upper class developed from the pioneers and quite apart from the cultural traditions of the European patriciate. In Europe, the old, refined bourgeoisie of the early nineteenth century has relapsed into comparative insignificance, in part even impoverished by later economic developments, especially during two World Wars. The hectic economic expansion and the dynamic changes of industrialism and commercialism brought new strata to the top of the propertied sector of society. So swift were these changes that the new rich had no opportunity gradually to assimilate themselves to the cultural tradition of the old bourgeoisie. Neither did they care about doing so. The standards and attitudes of those on top always have been normative for the ambitions of those below them—which, in this case, means that bourgeois society at large has abandoned the idealistic model of humanistic erudition and refinement.

This does assuredly not imply that this kind of personal culture has been entirely wiped out under the onslaught of the post-capitalist era. Erudition and refinement still exist and are cherished—among the intellectuals themselves. But the old humanistic ideal has ceased to exert any widespread or dominant appeal in society as a whole. Once again, this type of education and personal culture has become a privilege of one single, and very small, stratum: the intellectuals. But it is a privilege of which the general public is not envious. So far as I am concerned, this

does not lessen my own personal enjoyment of the privilege. But the intelligentsia must no longer flatter themselves that they are the recognized cultural standard-bearers of society.

I do not even consider this too heavy a loss. The sacerdotal attitude and the pretentiousness of the old European intellectual were the least attractive of his qualities. And as far as the cultural standard of the early twentieth-century bourgeoisie is concerned, much of it was varnish and window-dressing anyway. In a sense, its final disappearance has cleared the air. Besides, we must not forget that the process of democratization has penetrated cultural life. This broadening of its basis, this expanded cultural participation, must naturally result in a certain dilution of the substance. We cannot have it both ways.

As to the political functions of the intellectual, things are somewhat more complicated.

The intellectual, as the general public's guide to political decisions, belongs to the rationalist optimism of enlightenment. By this, I mean simply that the intellectual goes inherently with the era which believed in the objectivity and general validity of value judgments and which, therefore, considered the choice of goals for social and political action as a matter of pure reason. Since then, we have learned that values are non-theoretical; that the choice of goals for action is not a matter of logical reasoning, but primarily of emotion and will; that, in this realm, reason and logic are essentially confined to pointing out the appropriate and effective means to a previously chosen end. The average citizen does not need the man of knowledge to find out which political goals are the right ones. There is no right and false, in this matter. There are collective interests and emotional intentions. The intellectual may be useful as an ideological *interpreter* of these goals and as an advisor on the question of serviceable means. Exit the intellectual as a political oracle and a supreme judge of statesmanship.

It was mentioned previously that the ruling class during the first part of the nineteenth century largely left parliamentary activities to the professional man and the intellectuals in general. They were the authorized spokesmen of bourgeois society. Those were the times of liberalism, when sovereignty functions were

narrowly restricted and governmental activities confined to the generalities of legislation and law enforcement, education, and foreign policy. Besides, the democracies of those days were bourgeois democracies. The capitalist-liberalistic foundations of society were not seriously questioned. As political equality, the general and equal right to vote, gradually became a reality, the impecunious masses gained political influence, and even majority. The liberalistic and bourgeois principles of society became a matter of dispute and struggle. Revolutionary disturbances had to be averted by social welfare measures and governmental interference with economic life. The era of interventionism dawned. Sovereignty functions were expanded and intensified. Politics became a question of bread and butter, and of the distribution of the national income. Whereas around 1860 not more than 7 or 8 per cent of the national income went into taxes, today more than 35 per cent is led into the channels of governmental administration—federal, state, local, municipal. Today, politics is mostly a question of the allocation and expenditure of this one third of the national income.

In their new situation, created by the transition from a bourgeois democracy to mass democracy, the propertied upper class can no longer afford to let the intellectuals act as their political representatives. They can not, so to speak, let their interests be taken care of by proxy, but have had to take over themselves. The necessity of their doing so becomes even more apparent when we consider that a large proportion of the intellectuals somewhere along the line became somewhat skeptical about the justification of the bourgeois cause in the class struggle. Some of them even sided with labor.

Whatever are the political ambitions and activities of the single intellectuals, as individuals, they have as a stratum or a group lost their former mandate as political leaders and policy-makers. What other political functions they may have today, or may be about to take over in the near future, will be the last question we have to consider.

First, however, we have to look at the part played by the intellectual in the rationalization of economic and social life. Here we have the main function of the modern intellectual, and the

main basis of his social status. Society appreciates the intellectual exactly to the degree to which it needs his services. He is a key link in the process by which traditional ways of doing things have been increasingly replaced by rational methods. This process penetrates every field of human activity from the production of merchandise to housekeeping, and from public administration to personal hygiene. Not only have scientists laid the theoretical foundations of their rationalization of everyday life, but scientifically trained personnel is needed to manipulate and keep in working order the complex apparatus of modern existence. Here the intellectuals are indispensable in modern society.

While the main weight of their activities has shifted from the idealistic to the realistic, they themselves have changed as a stratum. Among the creative intelligentsia, the scientist has gained ground at the expense of the scholar. And the intellectual stratum as a whole has increased in numbers. Not only do we have more creative intelligentsia now than one hundred years ago, but especially the reproductive, applicative, and practicing intellectuals have grown to be an army: more engineers in industry and traffic; more doctors for health-conscious populations; more teachers for the education of young people who have to be well schooled in order to fit into the intricate systems of modern life; and more highly trained personnel in all branches of public administration.

In all these functions, the intellectual is a working man, earning his salary or fees for his useful services, and distinct from any other wage or salary earner only by the high degree of his training and skill. There is nothing vague or indefinite about either the functions or the social status of the performers; both are sound and solid, and the complaints of frustrated romantics about the loss of past glory are as silly as they are futile.

The briefly described developments imply one fundamental change in the social position and mentality of the intellectual stratum. In the days when their main tasks were cultural and political leadership, they were *remote from the economic market.* They were not producers and sellers of merchandise or commodities but lived apart from the turmoil of the struggle for existence. Even those who actually performed directly useful work,

kept up the appearance of being economically disinterested benefactors of mankind. Doctor and lawyer were not paid for their service, but accepted a fee, an honorarium. Not even the public official had a *job* for which he was paid. He called himself a servant of the crown, and his salary was not geared to the work he did but was a kind of alimony for the upkeep of a standard of life suited to his rank. These may be mere words, and by 1900 the words had certainly become rather empty ones as far as realities were concerned. But the words were significant of a certain mentality and were symbolic of a social position which was remote from the market of goods, commodities, and services.

Even today, we still have the pursuit of scholarship and science for the sake of knowledge in itself—exactly as we have art for art's sake. And this is as it should be. But those who are engaged in such detached intellectual pursuits are today a comparatively small part of the intellectuals, because the number of the practicing and applicative ones has increased so tremendously. These, the professional men, the public officials, the experts in the service of business—they are and consider themselves—even in tradition-ridden Europe—highly skilled specialists, performing useful work and getting paid for it at the market price.

The social future of the intellectual lies in this prosaic but satisfying function which becomes more important every day.

Apart from this, however, there are signs that the intellectual will be entrusted with new functions in the political field, and this applies especially to one group, the social scientists (using the term in the widest sense).

One of their functions may shortly be called *debunking*. The intellectual stratum has as such no calling to political leadership. Their dream vanished along with the illusion of rationally derived political truth. Today it is widely accepted that pragmatic political thought is ideological, that political discussion is not a means to establish truth, but rather an attempt to provide emotional goals with a theoretical camouflage. Political discussion is not a convergence towards agreement, based on reason, but a propagandistic fight of opposite ideologies. Too long has the creative intelligentsia indulged in *manufacturing* such ideologies.

With the development of mass democracy and the struggle between radically opposed interests on the political scene, it seems that the intellectual could render a real service to mankind by systematically and inexorably *exposing* the hollowness and either bona fide or mala fide untruthfulness of those myths with which the professional politicians intoxicate their followers and proselytes. This would certainly be a hard job, and a thankless one, but even if social scientists were only partially successful in performing it, the world would be better off. An honest, undisguised controversy about political realities could never be as fanatical and vicious as the permanent civil war of ideologies and magic words in which everybody claims to be fighting for justice, truth, and all the noblest values.

This, admittedly, would be a negative function in the field of politics, but none the less a rather important one: the intellectual as a moderator in the political arena. For this function, the social scientist is especially skilled, because his first-hand knowledge of the facts involved and his theoretical training give him a comparatively unbiased attitude toward social and political problems, enabling him at least to *see* the other fellow's point of view, even if he cannot *share* it.

The recent transformations of democratic societies seem to foreshadow new developments in the position of the intellectual stratum. In fact, the development is already in full progress.

From the absolutistic past of Europe, we know something about the specific role of the bureaucracy in a centralized system of rule. The bureaucrat was not institutionally endowed with ruling power. He was supposed to be the executive organ of the dynasty. But this mandate, the task of representing the crown towards the subjects, gave him what may be called *functional* power. As the executive tool of royalty, he participated in royal power. And more than that. With increasing complication of administrative matters, the king became, as Max Weber saw it, more and more a dilettante, a dabbler; he lost control, and the bureaucracy became the real ruling class.

An historical era similar to the era of absolutism in Europe is unknown to these United States of America. From the days of the early settlers and all through the period of the open frontier,

there prevailed a strictly decentralistic tradition, closely connected with expansive tendencies. The strong tendency toward personal and local independence prohibited the development of a permanent bureaucracy.

Today, however, things seem to develop here along lines quite similar to those in the free European countries. What differences there are, seem to be of degree rather than of kind.

In Europe, the short period of liberalism was followed by interventionism. More and more functions were taken over by governments and, naturally, the administrative bureaucratic bodies grew. The necessities of two World Wars, the claims of the democratic masses, and the difficulties of post-war economy have, at a surprisingly quick pace, led to a renewed supremacy of politics over economy, of governmental control over business. The idea of the *welfare state* is one landmark in this development.

Call it planning or call it governmental control—the thing is the same, and the United States is, in spite of its traditions of local independence, going along the same path.

This involves an enormous increase of sovereignty functions. Seemingly, the power of the professional politician will be increased. In practice, however, something quite different may happen. Governmental control and regulation of economic and other social activities makes the entire system of administration and legislation extremely complicated. Experts and more experts are needed, specialists in many fields. Their superior knowledge of the details involved in the complicated machinery will inevitably give them a very strong position as compared with the parliamentary politician. By analogy, one might say that in the same way in which the sovereign king became an amateur and dependent on his bureaucratic advisors, the sovereign democratic peoples' representatives in parliament (or Congress) are going to become more and more dependent on the bureaucracy of experts.

This may sound as if I were an adherent of James Burnham's prophecies of a managerial revolution. There is not time critically to go into this question. One point only must be mentioned. Burnham seems far too much fascinated by the idea of *one* ruling class. Social power-structure is not as simple as that. There is never one class in power, and all others powerless. Especially in

our modern and highly differentiated societies, the power-structure is a balanced system of weights and counterweights, a delicate fabric of tensions and forces. No one group is in power, no one single group is ruling. But certainly, it seems to me, under present conditions the power of the bureaucracies is increasing. And the bureaucracy of experts is a very considerable part of the stratum which we have called the intellectuals. In a controlled society, their functions are multiplied, their position is strengthened, and their social responsibilities are increased.

Being intellectuals, we are in duty bound to recognize this our responsibility towards democratic humanity.

## THE HOLLY WREATH

By CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Here's a wreath of Christmas holly,
Thorny green and blood-red berry;
Touch of it is scourge of folly,
Watch it only and be merry.

Tear the flesh, remember Jesus,
Feel the panic in the finger;
Hearty carol can't redeem us
Unless an angel were the singer.

Ardent circle others fashion
Cannot crown our faint endeavor;
We must thrust the hand in passion,
Thorn and berry, twine together.

Here's a wreath of Christmas holly,
Thorny green and blood-red berry;
Touch of it is scourge of folly,
Watch it only and be merry.

# Monte

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

A face like the kind children draw in kindergarten, that was Monte's: roundish under the coarse yellow hair that went like crayon strokes in all directions. His eyes were a hollow intense blue, like gas flames; in his tight-skinned face with the flat cheekbones they seemed even rounder than they were.

He roomed across the hall. We had said hello a few times, he grinning remotely with the corners of his lips twitched back. One evening when we both leaned over to pick up the paper and bumped heads lightly I asked him if he cared to come around the corner for a drink.

He began to shake his head, grinning. Then, still shaking it, he said abruptly, "All right. Why not?" He thought about it for a moment and added unhappily, "What's to lose from a drink?"

During the first beer he didn't say much; just seemed to be watching me. When I caught his eye he looked away fast at the ceiling; there his eyes would slow down and follow the moulding as deliberately as if measuring it. At those times he might lock his teeth together and rub them with the pulpy back of a wet finger, in tempos that suited his mood, his lips drawn back in a little grin. It made a squeaky, musical sound, like a tight rubber band. During the second beer he watched the other drinkers—staring at one for a few seconds, craning to see feet under the table, looking at hands, at the way he was dressed, longest of all at his face, as if memorizing it. Then he would turn back to me, an aloof twitching of eyebrows his only comment.

"Quite a character, don't you think?" I lifted my elbow toward a man of about sixty who had just come in on springy toes; his face, I saw as he passed, was crisscrossed with red veins like a roadmap; his close-cut hair was white and bristling.

"Him. I saw him. I'd say he's not much."

"What do you suppose a fellow like that does?"

"If you ask me, not much." He looked away toward a couple in

an opposite corner: a girl in a grey flannel suit brushed distractedly with one finger at her upswept blonde hair; a tendril or two had loosened over her pale temples and behind a delicate ear. Looked as if she had just been crying. A heavy-set grizzled man, his back half turned to us, was talking to her, softly but with head-bobbing vigor, his coat wrinkled tensely under his armpits, one finger now and then poking forth to trace gently the stitching on her lapel.

"Oh-oh. What's going on there?"

My companion glanced at me with the condescension of secret knowledge.

"I wouldn't know," he said. "But I don't think nothing big's going on."

"Pretty girl, that's for sure."

He flicked her quickly with his eyes and sprung his finger forward out of his mouth with a single derisive squeak.

For a while we drank in silence; once or twice when I caught his eye he evaded mine with a sly significant nod.

"Listen." Halfway through the third beer, he leaned forward and inspected my necktie. "These guys!" He shrugged his shoulders in a loose circular motion that included the room.

"What about them?"

"Nothing about them. See what I mean? They're not so much, we should come around the corner and just sit here giving 'em ganders."

He studied me for a moment. "You want to know something about these guys?"

"You know something, huh?"

"See that guy over there, the one with the short hair—what they call a crude-cut?"

"I see him."

"O. K." He nodded as if that was that.

"So?"

"I'm going to tell you something about that guy," he confided, from the corner of his mouth farthest from the man we were talking about. "I . . . ." His eyes flickered in a little wind of distrust; then the pale flames straightened. "I could make him up." The last three words came slow and proudly.

"What do you mean—make him up? I don't get it."

"Wait." He lifted a wet finger, the skin dead white and puckered a little, like a swimmer's. "You see those two over in the corner?" His fingertip curled toward the thick-set man and his girl, their hands overlapping now on the table.

"Sure."

"O. K., then." He put both palms on the red leatherette seat, rocked his weight forward, and looked around the room. "Yes sir, like I thought. Every lock, stock, and barrow. I can make 'em up better than that. Plenty better." His eye watched me over the beer as he emptied his glass.

"You know, I used to come to these places." He pushed the glass aside. "Strike out on a conversation. Have a beer. Have another beer. Talk. Find out what type ideas people had going on in their heads. You know? But it costs dough, living high like that every night. And arguments—they get all hot and bothered, and then maybe you get a black eye. Once I got hit with a bottle." Gingerly he fingered between strands of hair dingy as weathered straw. "You know something? That ain't good. A head, like mine anyway, is a real sensitive organ; getting it banged with beer bottles and soon or later you got to pay the piper."

"All right," he resumed after a moody sip, "take you. 'Come and have a drink,' you say to me. Me, I'm forty-eight. Might not think so just to look at, but I'm forty-eight and all of it. Come and have a drink—how many times you think I heard that?"

"I'll bet quite a few."

"He'll bet quite a few! You guys! Listen, I'll tell you *exactly* how many: more than I can even hope to count. Too many, if you ask me. But you, now—I've been watching you; had my eye peeled on you; been sizing you up. You may not notice it, but even when I'm sitting here casual, like they say, I'm all the time sizing guys up. If not you, then the next guy. Well, you look O. K. to me, more or less. Figure I have a beer with you it won't cost me much. Probably I won't get hit with no beer bottles while I'm doing it; you look like you keep a civil tongue in your cheek."

"Gee thanks, pal."

"Think nothing. You look all right, I'll say that much for you and no more. Of course I could make you up—you and a dozen

like you. Make you up easy." He found two dry fingers and snapped them jauntily. "Like that, no less."

I leaned forward and folded my arms. "Listen. What's all this about making up? How can you make me up?"

"Aha," he said slyly. "That's another story, isn't it?"

I nodded. "A stitch of a different color, like they say."

"Right. And if you waited you would have seen it's what I'm telling you all the time." He rubbed his teeth and listened judicially to the squealing—it was like a string quartet tuning up. "Hear that. I can make four or five notes—different notes, you know, like you get off of different piano keys. Have to have your fingers kind of soft. Spit does it." He sounded his four or five notes. "Can't play any tunes, though," he said morosely. "Anyhow not yet."

"Keep trying."

"Yeah. If I don't wear my teeth to the bone."

He ran his eye slowly across the ceiling, snorting once contemptuously. "I tell you I seen people in my day. And you want to know something? They're not so much." He shook his head several times. "Now I'm going to tell you what brought me home to that fact. Maybe four, five years ago some fellow—ordinary fellow like you—said, 'Hey, Monte, come and have a drink.' 'O. K.,' I say. And I have one. Well, one drink led to another, like they say. Pretty soon I got so much beer in my stream of blood that I don't know black and white. So naturally I fall off this fire escape there and break my leg. This leg." He bumped a knee twice against the underside of the table. "It's O. K. now; fits like a fiddle.

"But for a while I stay in my room. About the second night I get to missing the high life in the bars. First thing you know I'm making believe I'm there, see? Imagining I'm leaning on the bar, see, my shirt elbow all cold and soppy where some slob slobbed his beer on the bar, and I'm imagining the bartender is saying, 'Won't you have another?' and I'm saying 'I believe I will have another if I can.' So he turns his fat behind to draw it (the draught beer's over there in this particular bar I'm in) and I see the little white bows on his back that tie the apron on over his checkered shirt. He draws the beer, scoots the foam off, clickety-

clack, slides it over. And I imagine I'm wrapping my fingers around it, see"—his eyes were closed now; he was talking in a swaying singsong—"and slurping my lips in the old fuzzy foam and saying, 'Bartender, believe me this is one beverage sure hits the spot.' And he is saying next, 'That is what all the gentlemen claim, sir.' "

He opened his eyes suddenly—I almost heard the little soft poof of gas flames lighted. He made a jubilant music with his teeth.

"I think you're getting it," I told him. "More like a tune."

"Yeah. Anyway, I got a conversation going in my bar, see. And pretty soon a third party horns in"—his eyes screwed tightly shut; they relaxed gradually as he talked—"an old gent maybe, with white stubby hair and a real red face. I figure he used to manage prize fighters, see. He comes into the bar, walking springy-like, and he comes up and says, 'Well, I think I will join in with you gentlemen on a beer because beer is very soothing to the digestive track.'

"First thing I know, in a week or so I'm making up people of all types and kinds, six of one and half a dozen of the others. Maybe a nice old farm lady, in from the farm with a sack of eggs, wanders into this bar and right away says, 'Oh, pardon my intrusion!' as though she'd all of a sudden seen a mouse, you know. Got in the wrong door by mistake, see. Funny things like that happen in life. Yes sir, I made up lots of folks in that month—some real characters. Like that Pete now—the things that Pete does keep me rolling in stitches." He chuckled and rubbed his teeth in squeals of approbation.

"Well, anyway, when I could go back to the bar, I just didn't go so much. Had just as much of a good time sitting at home. Making more things happen to these people, and making up new people, salesmen, hotel clerks, senators—I steer shy of that latter type; it's too hard to make with that double talk like they do. But people like these"—again the inclusive circular shrug of the shoulders—"shucks, they're easy as rolling on a log. Or people like you—sort of average. I got dozens of that kind made up. Turn out new ones every day."

"These people always hang around the same bar?"

"Oh no. I got out of that bar, let's see, oh, about the first winter, I'd say. Started branching up and down the street, all kinds of stores, with their bosses and all. And then right into the private residential districts. Say, you'd never believe some of the stuff goes on right in private residences. I don't even let the people I make up tell it to other people I make up. They know about it, see, but they got to just keep their traps mum about it."

I had signaled for two new beers; Monte tilted some into his mouth and swashed it sadly around his gums. "It ain't easy, you know. I get in trouble; they're some mighty tough jokers around. Like the time Pete threw that half-gallon beer bottle through the window of the mortrician's parlor. Took me days to get out of that jam. And Pete's wife—!" He shook his head in hopeless relish. "*That* character!"

"Anything can happen, huh?"

"Oh, a smart guy. Well, that's how smart you are. Let me ask you one single question. Can just 'anything' "—he worked the word out of his mouth as if it were something rotten he had bitten into—"Can just 'anything' happen in real life?" He eyed me sternly. "Think it over."

"Well, yes and no."

"*And no* you mean; you should've just said that *and no*. And these people I make up, they're real as life—sometimes I think they're realer. And I sure as hell don't let just 'anything' happen to them." He shook his head righteously. "Now here's an example right in the horse's mouth, as it happens. Last night, I'm in Happy Landings (that's a bar) with Pete and a visiting engaged couple from Saratoga. I made them up. Well, they and Pete figures they'd take a look-see around, but I figured, hell, I'm in a lonesome wolf mood; I'll stroll down town and see what I see. I go maybe a few blocks and then here's this girl, this Kitty, sitting with her knees crossed in this convertible—it was a bluff-colored Olds with radio, heater, white sidewalls, all kinds of chrome extras—really loaded. Beautiful job, definitely custom-made. Zebra-skin seats, all like that. Class! Well, Kitty now, take Kitty—I never seen her before, but I knew from a glance what Kitty's like, and I'm carried away like a ton of bricks.

" 'Climb in, Monte,' she says, in a real sweet voice. You know

those kewpie-dolls with that rainbow feathery goop for a bra and panties. Well, this Kitty talked the way one of those would. If it talked, see. 'Honey bug,' she says, 'it so happens I just provided little Kitty with a case of Haig Pinch—I was thinking we might kill a bottle. Up to my place.'

"I walk around the car, kind of running my mitt along the chrome it was loaded with—real chrome this was, not this new cheap chrome some bureaucrap down in Washington thought up.

" 'Scoot your pretty tail over,' I said, kind of hoarse and romantic, like I got a frog like Boyer in my throat, 'and let Monte handle this buggy.' Well, Kitty scoots, still cuddling sort of close, you understand, and I'm at her place in nothing flat. Went a little fast maybe, but the cops all know me; 'Hi, Monte boy,' they all wave as we shoot by. We get there, and we each take one end of the case of Pinch and we go up to her place and she says, 'Excuse it, Monte, and I'll just slip off of this dress and hang it up here so it won't get wrinkles, because if I know you, lover-boy, you're fixing to wrinkle it but good.'

" 'Matter of fact, Kitty, I was going to suggest you take it off, keep it spick for tomorrow.' That was bagging two birds in one bush, see, because one thing I hate to make up is woman's clothes. I leave 'em off as much as I can—keeping things like they really are, of course. Lots of situations you just got to have clothes on the ladies, whether you like it that way or not. Think it over once. Well, I help her slip off the dress—mighty sweet figure of a girl, Kitty. Sun-tanned, like butterscotch, some places; in others (if you'll pardon the word) white as marshmelons. We just make ourselves snug as a rug, turn on the 48-inch-screen television, and pour ourselves a little drink to get the show on the road.

"Well, we sit on the sofa and she snuggles up and sort of moans 'Monte' and all of a sudden it hits me: this ain't right somehow, there's something phoney in the woodpile, and right away it hits me what. I stand up and tell Kitty, 'Now march straight back into that dress, young lady, and we'll have us a little talking to, straight turkey.' I help her dress and I sit her down, and I keep standing there, stern-like, in front of her.

" 'First question, Kitty, how'd you meet up with me anyway?'

" 'I was just sitting there in the new convertible, Monte, play-

ing with all them chrome radio knobs, and you come along, that's all.'

"Then I play my ace right smack in the hole. 'How did you know it was me, Monte?' I asks her, like a district attorney, smart as nails. 'It's no good, Kitty. How many nice girls you know, demure-type kids, from the higher-up hoi de polloi, sit waiting for the first gentleman comes along and give him a drink and take him up to their place and start a friendly little strip act? See what I'm getting at, kid?'

" 'Monte,' she says, and I give her credit for taking it face up, 'it just never occurred in my mind in that way.'

" 'It's no good like this, Kitty, you and me. We've got to face the music that life just isn't all bread of roses. You scoot right back into the bluff-colored Cadillac—' "

"Cadillac?" I cut in. "You said Olds."

"O. K., O. K. Both General Motors products. 'Scoot right back into that Caddie and scoot right out of my life. I may make you up different some time, Kitty. I may give us both a fresh slate in life. You're a sweet kid, Kitty, but you can't bake your cake and eat it too, if you see what I mean.' Well, Kitty cried a little, naturally, but she could see it in my way all right."

Monte managed to bring a few little cello tones from his teeth. "Pretty sound, huh? Like Peter Robin. Well anyway," he shrugged, "that's how I am—strict. Things got to happen right and nine times out of ten they always do. Kitty's just an example to show it's wrong to say 'Anything can happen.' If you make up people, you got to make them up right. Or it's no good."

"I see. Like cheating at solitaire."

"See that girl over there?" The girl in grey flannel, alone for a few minutes, was dabbing blunt color around lips rounded and protruding like a goldfish's. "She's not much. Now Kitty—" The pale blue flames shot higher. "You know, I got a hunchy feeling in my skin and bones that I'm going to bump into that Kitty. Yes sir." He tossed off his beer; his finger plucked a shrill finale. "Well, got to shove off. Get back to the room. Another day, another dollar. You want to mosey along, or you going to take your time?"

"I guess I'll just sit and finish this beer. Take it easy, Monte."

He stood there a moment, his tongue working soundlessly among his teeth.

"Know what's got me worried?" He leaned on the table, frowning. "What if I ever make up a guy who makes up guys, like I do? Talk about funny business! I'll make him up and get him into some squeeze, see, and suddenly this bastard just sits down on me and starts making up guys of his own." His eyes narrowed to somber violet. "Boy, will I ever be in one hell of a frying-pan!"

## CHRISTMAS CARD FOR ONE HEMISPHERE

By Florence Becker Lennon

And now the northern half turns to the sun,
Teaching the roots to push, the sap to run.
We burn the log for votive offering
Because it is our turn to have the spring,
And wish you, with this tipping of the pole,
The day of mankind as a single whole.

# Three poems

LINCOLN FITZELL

## SCENE WITH SAND AND DANCERS

Now stepping from the street-edge of this dune,
Join with those merry people on the beach,
Who picnic with brief fortune, and maroon
Their feet in cool delight of frothy reach.

The mighty deep that trickles in heel-prints,
Here stiffens one, who glitters in hand-stand,
Then backward flips, and sprawls with speechless glints
Near love's loud heart and shyly slipping hand.

For life's a surge of challenge and bright cry,
That dances back the ocean's hollow roar,
And flings wet arms exultant to the sky,
And leaps brown-bodied from the naked shore.

## STATUE WITH LEAVES

The flaming season's red return and gusty guarantee
That wind will moan the main, and writhe the tree,
And fire flame in pith, and frost set in like sea,
Now blazes in the park and stones a marble hurdler's knee.

Mid-leap, the years resolve us, and our muted sentiments
Grow into bone as sculptured song, or harsh held lineaments,
Or peevish muttering of leaves, and autumn lights our tents,
And the ridge's flame is poled and canvassed the sky's arguments.

We stand in arid sun that hurls a lance of brass.
The god knows not how centuried his shield rings over bronzing grass.
Life's foot is stuck in stone, the sprinter in the pass,
Whose statue gleams with ancient gales, is not our glass.

Far scattered are the leaves, and sorely wrenched the grove,
And broken is the noble arch, and hero whose heart strove
To sun all shady seasons out. Not leaf, nor foot, nor marble rove
The wind out of the trees, yet fame is bright with love.

## THE BEACH

Time is the stick of a littering shore,
That rattles the wind where the sea gulls soar,
And we hark on the beach for a thunderous drum,
And the shrilling trumpets of seas to come.

The shielding wave with his crest and plume,
Is burnished and brave but curved like doom,
And the windy shade in a hollow shell
Is the shadowy harp of a sandy knell.

With the surf and the sun be swift, unveil,
And leap toward the spray with a laughing hail,
And storm toward the depths with a swimmer's bruit,
For grit runs cold from a marble foot.

# "Arma virumque" Shaw did not sing

E. J. WEST

I am frequently surprised by the average person's lack of curiosity concerning book titles or play titles. I have found few students who recognize the origin of "arms and the man" and fewer who catch the irony. Long ago Shaw's friendly enemy, G. K. Chesterton, in the first full-length book devoted to the dramatist, nicely underlined this irony. Finding a "savage sincerity" which most critics had missed when the play first appeared, Chesterton compared the exultant and rising rhythm of Virgil's *"Arma virumque cano"* with what seemed to him the deliberate bathos of "arms—and the man" and noted the kinship of ideas of Shaw and Tolstoy, especially with regard to romantic war and romantic love, with the difference that Tolstoy objected to these things because they were real, Shaw because they were ideal or idealized. Where Tolstoy thundered for no more wars, Shaw murmured, "Wars if you must; but for God's sake, not war songs." Where Tolstoy cried before the temple of Venus, "Come out of it," Shaw merely urged, "Do not be taken in by it." Recently a radio commentator on the British Broadcasting Company's dramatic productions paraphrased Chesterton without acknowledgment:

> "Arms and the Man," says Shaw, "but in the name of human sanity don't let's have any singing about it. War is not a thing to make a song about; it's a thing to make a stink about. And don't talk to me about heroes. Heroes don't win battles, they only win medals. Common sense wins battles."

This reminds me of a comment made by one of the actors in a 1931 Old Vic revival of the play. Playing upon the title of a popular humorous book of the period, he suggested Shaw's play might be regarded as an antidote to "too much *Henry V* and all that." Shaw himself in the preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* indirectly implied a comparison between Henry V and Sergius Saranoff when he linked Shakespeare's Henry with his Caesar, contrasted that Caesar with Mommsen's, and asked plaintively

why audiences should shriek with concern when he dramatized the distinction, familiar by the 1890's, in his play "with its comedic conflict between the knightly Bulgarian and the Mommsenite Swiss Captain." Comparing the play with *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front,* an actor once asserted that they all three showed war as it really is, but whereas Sherriff and Remarque were wise after the event, Shaw dared to attack the glamor of war and hero worship when it was most unfashionable to do so.

A few critics showed some appreciation of Shaw's basic seriousness in 1894, but, in the main, critical and audience reception went to either of two extremes: complete horror and indignation, or acceptance of the play as a delightful, whimsical, and clever extravaganza. One newspaper critic declared the play "another Bulgarian atrocity," and Shaw himself mentioned another, who prided himself on his liberalism and had not been disturbed by *Widowers' Houses,* one of the "plays unpleasant," but who found *Arms and the Man* a savage attack upon the cause of Balkan liberty because it suggested that not all Bulgarians in 1886 washed their hands every day. The Crown Prince, later Edward VII, having asked who the author was and not recognizing the name, muttered quite seriously, "Of course he's mad," and later it was reported: "his Royal Highness regretted that the play should have shown so disrespectful an attitude as was betrayed by the character of the chocolate-cream soldier." Others than the Prince were annoyed by the candy motif, chocolate being regarded at the time, as a recent Shaw critic has neatly noted, rather as an ingratiating "lubricant to amorous romance" than as an approved military concentrated food, although Shaw knew soldiers themselves had already discovered its value. It is pleasant to remember that later Edward, as King, was so amused by *John Bull's Other Island* that he broke a chair in the Royal Box while laughing at Broadbent.

As a matter of fact, the original cast was rather baffled by the play and approached the first night with uncertainty. When they began to get laughs, they began to play for laughs, and, as Shaw wrote years later to the actor Robert Lorraine, "This was the beginning of that detestable effect as of all the characters being

so many Shaws spouting Shavianisms, and provoking first a lot of shallow but willing laughter, and then producing disappointment and irritation." Although the first-night audience was generous with applause and greeted Shaw warmly on a curtain call, he was not pleased, feeling the actors had played farcically and most of the audience had not understood his real attack upon war. So when a single boo was heard amidst the applause, he uttered possibly his most famous impromptu: "I quite agree with you, my friend, but what are we two against so many?"

The anonymous reviewer for *The Theatre* for June, 1894, was unusually perceptive, neither denouncing the play nor regarding it as pure Gilbertian whimsy, but recognizing it as "a romance expressed in terms of realism," whose portrait of Bluntschli was "calculated to send Mr. Rudyard Kipling into hysterics" and whose general spoofing of war and the military "would make Wellington turn in his grave and Napoleon deny his name." He admitted, however, that few audience members would understand or appreciate its combined wit and seriousness. A. B. Walkley, Shaw's friend, also caught the double quality of *Arms and the Man*, the contrast between the "surface of fun and fancy and life-imitation" and the "sub-stratum of thought and theory and life-criticism." The surface produced immediate uncontrollable laughter (it is difficult to imagine the exquisite Walkley succumbing to this), but some of the audience later began to think, only most to think wrong, finding simply an imitation of Gilbert. In a long analysis of the methods of W.S.G. and G.B.S., A.B.W. tried to reduce the contrast to these formulae: "Gilbertism . . . consists in the ironic humour to be got out of the spectacle of a number of people hypocritically pretending, or naively failing, to act up to ideals which Mr. Gilbert and his people hold to be valid," while "Shawism . . . consists in the ironic humour to be got out of the spectacle of a number of people trying to apply the current ideals only to find in the end that they won't work." The difference, that is, was that between a cynical belief in the badness of man because he did not act up to his ideals and a conviction that man, innately good, needed to rid himself of out-of-date and unworkable ideals. Walkley refused to agree outright with "Shawism" but appreciated Shaw's serious criticism of conduct. His analysis of Raina

and Sergius, the idealists, and Louka and Bluntschli, the realists, and of the acting of these parts, was equally perceptive. But critics like Walkley and *The Theatre* reviewer were in the minority.

The average point of view was represented by Shaw's other close friends, the critic William Archer and the playwright Henry Arthur Jones. Archer's dour Scotch temperament seemed to approximate Calvinistic intolerance as it encountered the play. He denounced it as a willful satire upon humanity in general, concentrating only "upon the seamy side of the human mind," and its author as an habitual and persistent Gilbertian cynic, who made "his characters turn their moral garments inside out and go about with the linings displayed, flaunting the seams and raw edges and stiffenings and paddings." To Archer, therefore, the play was completely nonrealistic, with no truly psychological characters, no true Bulgarian atmosphere, with a group of "Anglo-Irish masqueraders" comporting themselves in a fantastic never-never land; Raina was an arrant and annoying *poseuse,* Sergius a cad, Louka an intruder from a Meredith novel, and she and Nicola both imbued with strange, un-Bulgarian ideas apparently absorbed from reading Shaw's novels. As an extravaganza, Archer granted *Arms and the Man* was "brilliant and delightful," although parenthetically he pointed out that to him "delightful" was not synonymous with "pleasant"; as a realistic play, he declared it "childish."

## II

Shaw, disturbed by the failure of most critics and most audiences to appreciate the play as anything but an hilarious farce or a vicious satire, was particularly hurt by the scathing remarks and accusation of cynicism from his friends Archer and Jones. With justice he wrote to the latter that his own current success, *The Masqueraders,* a truly amazing piece of arrantly sentimental claptrap, was actually "frightfully pessimistic," based on "idiotic moral systems according to which human nature comes out base and filthy." He proclaimed himself a follower of "the good old Molière-Labiche-Sheridan line," and asserted that they would have been content with the actual men of the London 'nineties like himself and Morris and "not have sighed for any Androm-

eda." (Andromeda was an imaginary and symbolic—of what I know not—planet whereon the idiotically maudlin and moral protagonists of *The Masqueraders* were apparently, after having refused to face actual life realistically, to spend an idyllic and saccharine immortality.) In the same letter of June, 1894, Shaw, with obvious reference to Jones's strictures and Archer's review, announced a forthcoming "brilliant article" on *Arms and the Man*, "giving all my authorities for the military realism (there is not an original notion in the whole affair from beginning to end) and stating my position as regards cynicism and all that sort of rubbish."

This article, entitled "A Dramatic Realist to His Critics," duly appeared in the July issue of *The New Review*. If not "brilliant," it is one of his most interesting expressions of his dramatic *credo* and it contains much interesting specific comment upon *Arms and the Man*. It has never been reprinted in the collected edition of Shaw's works; the periodical is hard to find; and none of the Shaw biographers or critics has ever really given it thorough attention or analysis. I therefore propose to summarize the article in some detail.

Shaw began with a swashbuckling but good-tempered, all-out attack upon contemporary dramatic critics, their false standards, and their general ignorance and misunderstanding of real life. They rejected any attempt to depict that life on the stage "with scorn as an imposture." Declaring himself not an original dramatist, Shaw claimed he took all his dramatic material from real life "at first hand, or from authentic documents." Most plays of the day grew out of other plays, so that if traced back far enough, their origin was found "in the inventive imagination of some original dramatist." The average dramatic critic, deriving all his knowledge of life from such plays, knew nothing of objective life. Shaw protested, "The more exactly I reproduce objective life for him on the stage, the more certain he is to call my play an extravaganza." Archer, incidentally, who complained of the lack of reality in *Arms and the Man,* boasted frequently of his susceptibility to make-believe, magic, and pure illusion in the theater. Always then, Shaw claimed, there existed the contrast in playwriting and in dramatic criticism between subjective and stagey life and

objective or real life. Artificial simplicity, conventional feeling, foregone thoughtless conclusions accompanied the stagey sort of life, but poetic justice, he insisted, bore no relationship to natural or real justice, which refused to follow formulae, creeds, or systems. The typical Shavian irony permeated his declaration that stagey life and poetic justice were accepted by those who, afraid to face facts, dared not be pessimists, yet could not "see real life otherwise than as the pessimist sees it." A rather nice retort upon friend Archer who had dubbed Shaw cynic—Archer, who was among "those who conceive all the operations of our bodies as repulsive, and of our minds as sinful." The shrinking would-not-be pessimist, driven by "his haunting conviction of omnipresent foulness and baseness," greeted any approach to reality as a "spectacle of cowardice, selfishness, faithlessness, sensuality—in short, everything he went to the theatre to escape from." In contrast to the timidly romantic Archer type was the gusty, *soi-disant* realist who cheered the realist playwright with cries of "Quite right; strip off the whitewash from the sepulchre; expose human nature in all its tragi-comic baseness; tear the mask of respectability from the smug bourgeois, and show the liar, the thief, the coward, the libertine beneath."

This analysis of two sorts of dramatic critics, professional or audience-amateur, led Shaw to a fine expression of artistic and human conviction, to be consistently held throughout his career:

> Now to me, as a realist playwright, the applause of the conscious, hardy pessimist is more exasperating than the abuse of the unconscious, fearful one. I am not a pessimist at all. It does not concern me that, according to certain ethical systems, all beings fall into classes labelled liar, coward, thief, and so on. I am myself, according to these systems, a liar, a coward, a thief, and a sensualist; and it is my deliberate, cheerful, and entirely self-respecting intention to continue to the end of my life deceiving people, avoiding danger, making my bargains with publishers and managers on principles of supply and demand instead of abstract justice, and indulging all my appetites, whenever circumstances commend such actions to my judgment.

Boldly he pronounced that his friends were equally, alternatively, and simultaneously saints and sinners (a neat riposte upon Jones, who had written his *Saints and Sinners* ten years before). The realist dramatist must get outside conventional ethical

systems. As an example he cited Raina, "classified by critics as a minx, a liar, and a *poseuse*." Whether these classifications fit Raina he did not care: "the only moral problem for me is, does she do good or harm?" If her saving of Bluntschli's life and her escape from her false relationship to Sergius showed her good, he declared, he did not care whether she seemed "brave, generous, and affectionate; or artful, dangerous, faithless"; he would no more dislike her than would Molière have disliked M. Jourdain after listening to "a lecture on the vanity and pretentiousness of that amiable 'bourgeois gentilhomme.' " Admitting an interest in and a desire for any possible improving of the human species, he still found "that, with reasonably sound specimens, the more intimately I know people the better I like them," and he professed himself willing to be called a cynic for this feeling rather than a wholesome philanthropist for preferring "stage monsters—walking catalogues of the systematised virtues—to his own species."

*Arms and the Man* had indeed, he continued, brought the contrast between the dramatic realists' world and the critics' stage world to a climax, "because the misunderstanding was itself, in a sense, the subject of the play." Briefly he resumed the basic theme and plot of the play and emphasized the comic conflict between Bluntschli's realistic knowledge and the Bulgarians' romantic and idealistic illusions, suggesting:

> In this dramatic scheme Bulgaria may be taken as symbolic of the stalls on the first night of a play. The Bulgarians are dramatic critics; the Swiss is the realist playwright invading their realm; and the comedy is the comedy of the collision of the realities represented by the realist playwright with the preconceptions of stageland.

To press home the comic collision, Shaw next presented a dozen pages of documentation from military men, expert and experienced, to show the sources for the most criticized details in the play concerning arms, men-at-arms, and their conduct in actual warfare, especially such points as Bluntschli's passion for chocolate, his admission that he considered discretion the better part of valor, his delightful realistic description of Sergius's cavalry charge, his always frank and forthspoken acceptance of war as an occasionally necessary but necessarily dirty and rotten business.

objective or real life. Artificial simplicity, conventional feeling, foregone thoughtless conclusions accompanied the stagey sort of life, but poetic justice, he insisted, bore no relationship to natural or real justice, which refused to follow formulae, creeds, or systems. The typical Shavian irony permeated his declaration that stagey life and poetic justice were accepted by those who, afraid to face facts, dared not be pessimists, yet could not "see real life otherwise than as the pessimist sees it." A rather nice retort upon friend Archer who had dubbed Shaw cynic—Archer, who was among "those who conceive all the operations of our bodies as repulsive, and of our minds as sinful." The shrinking would-not-be pessimist, driven by "his haunting conviction of omnipresent foulness and baseness," greeted any approach to reality as a "spectacle of cowardice, selfishness, faithlessness, sensuality—in short, everything he went to the theatre to escape from." In contrast to the timidly romantic Archer type was the gusty, *soi-disant* realist who cheered the realist playwright with cries of "Quite right; strip off the whitewash from the sepulchre; expose human nature in all its tragi-comic baseness; tear the mask of respectability from the smug bourgeois, and show the liar, the thief, the coward, the libertine beneath."

This analysis of two sorts of dramatic critics, professional or audience-amateur, led Shaw to a fine expression of artistic and human conviction, to be consistently held throughout his career:

> Now to me, as a realist playwright, the applause of the conscious, hardy pessimist is more exasperating than the abuse of the unconscious, fearful one. I am not a pessimist at all. It does not concern me that, according to certain ethical systems, all beings fall into classes labelled liar, coward, thief, and so on. I am myself, according to these systems, a liar, a coward, a thief, and a sensualist; and it is my deliberate, cheerful, and entirely self-respecting intention to continue to the end of my life deceiving people, avoiding danger, making my bargains with publishers and managers on principles of supply and demand instead of abstract justice, and indulging all my appetites, whenever circumstances commend such actions to my judgment.

Boldly he pronounced that his friends were equally, alternatively, and simultaneously saints and sinners (a neat riposte upon Jones, who had written his *Saints and Sinners* ten years before). The realist dramatist must get outside conventional ethical

systems. As an example he cited Raina, "classified by critics as a minx, a liar, and a *poseuse*." Whether these classifications fit Raina he did not care: "the only moral problem for me is, does she do good or harm?" If her saving of Bluntschli's life and her escape from her false relationship to Sergius showed her good, he declared, he did not care whether she seemed "brave, generous, and affectionate; or artful, dangerous, faithless"; he would no more dislike her than would Molière have disliked M. Jourdain after listening to "a lecture on the vanity and pretentiousness of that amiable 'bourgeois gentilhomme.' " Admitting an interest in and a desire for any possible improving of the human species, he still found "that, with reasonably sound specimens, the more intimately I know people the better I like them," and he professed himself willing to be called a cynic for this feeling rather than a wholesome philanthropist for preferring "stage monsters—walking catalogues of the systematised virtues—to his own species."

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Ironically he pointed out, with one bushy red eyebrow raised at Archer and the other at Henry Arthur Jones:

> The stage hero finds in death the supreme consolation of being able to get up and go home when the curtain falls; but the real soldier, even when he leads Balaclava charges under conditions of appalling and prolonged danger, does not commit suicide for nothing. The fact is, Captain Bluntschli's description of the cavalry charge is taken almost verbatim from an account given privately to a friend of mine by an officer who served in the Franco-Prussian war. I am well aware that if I choose to be guided by men grossly ignorant of dramatic criticism, whose sole qualification is that they have seen cavalry charges on stricken fields, I must take the consequences.

Having compiled his list of military sources, from that of the current Commander-in-Chief of the British armies through various European army and navy chiefs, Shaw gleefully decided that the dramatic critics who had so praised him as "a monstrously clever fellow, who has snatched a brilliant success by amusingly whimsical perversions of patent facts and piquantly cynical ridicule of human nature" would now consider him personally ungrateful for declining their compliments. To rub the itching astringent of reality fully into the tender cobweb-skin of the Archer-dreamers, he topped his listing of alleged nonrealistic bits in the play by this passage:

> Even that triumph of eccentric invention which nightly brings down the house, Captain Bluntschli's proposal for the hand of Raina, is a paraphrase of an actual proposal made by an Austrian hotel proprietor for the hand of a member of my own family. To that gentleman, and to him alone, is due the merit of the irresistible joke of the four thousand tablecloths and the seventy equipages of which twenty-four will hold twelve inside .... I created nothing; I invented nothing; I imagined nothing; I perverted nothing; I simply discovered drama in real life.

Shaw's concluding pages, without losing his consistent insouciant grace and poise, warmed with human sympathy and understanding as he developed his sincere belief in portraying life as he observed it, not on the stage of Pinero and Jones, but on the stage of life. Declaring himself "tired to utter disgust of imaginary life, imaginary law, imaginary ethics, science, peace, war, love, virtue, villainy, and imaginary everything else both on the stage and off it," he demanded "respect, interest, affection for

human nature as it is, and life as we must still live it even when we have bettered it and ourselves to the utmost." He struck out strongly against the futilely sermonizing critics who accused him of attacking "poor humanity" and emphasizing the "seamy side of life," asking why, if they could not accept "meanness, cowardice, selfishness, and all the other names they give to qualities which are as much and as obviously a necessary part of themselves as their arms and legs, . . . do they not shoot themselves like men instead of coming whimpering to the dramatist to pretend they are something else?" He protested he himself did not dislike them for these natural characteristics they deemed vices: "they would not interest me in the least if they were otherwise." He hoped, by putting real people on the stage as best he could, eventually to make them see "that if they were to try a little self-respect and stop calling themselves offensive names, they would discover that the affection of their friends, wives, or sweethearts for them is not a reasoned tribute to their virtues but a human impulse toward their very selves." Shaw's own example of affection and recognition of affection was Raina's fear that, having found her out, Bluntschli would despise her, and her discovery that he was not "quite dramatic critic enough to feel bound to repudiate the woman who [had] saved his life as 'a false and lying minx,' because, at twenty-three, she [had] some generous illusions which [led] her into a good deal of pretty nonsense." Pretty nonsense too many critics of the 'nineties and on down to our 1950's have declared this "pleasant" play called *Arms and the Man*. It is far more than pretty nonsense. It is, however witty, a serious exposure of the folly and futility of war. Shaw protested: "When I have written a play the whole novelty of which lies in the fact that it is void of malice to my fellow creatures, and laboriously exact as to all essential facts, I object to be complimented on my 'brilliancy' as a fabricator of cynical extravaganzas."

Finally Shaw generously recognized Walkley's "completely successful analysis of my position." He saluted Walkley for accepting Bernard Gould's sincere and persistently idealistic Sergius and concluded by suggesting that Walkley and Gould "divide the credit, as actor and critic, the one of having realised the man, and the other of having analysed him—the nicety of the second opera-

tion proving the success of the first." This is most typical emphasis by Shaw, even when functioning as dramatist, of the importance of the knowledgeable critic and the really interpretive actor.

## III

Aside from this first full-dress discussion of the play, Shaw continued throughout his career to utter and to pen *obiter dicta* concerning *Arms and the Man.* Of particular interest are his remarks upon the character of Sergius. With Walkley, he praised Gould for playing the Bulgarian Major as "obsessed with his own ideals, and desperately resolved to live up to them in spite of his real nature, which he is foolish enough to despise." It is woefully easy to play Saranoff in a vein of pure comic-operatic, self-spoofing bravado, and one judges from the critical records of the play that most actors have taken this easy—and audience-appealing—way out. Certainly most of the Sergiuses I have seen have done so. Shaw describes Serguis at great length on his first entrance as possessed of "the physical hardihood, the high spirit, and the susceptible imagination of an untamed mountaineer chieftain," but also of "an acute critical faculty which has been thrown into intense activity by the arrival of western civilization in the Balkans." The collision of qualities has resulted in Sergius's having developed a Byronic inner conflict, in his having acquired the "half tragic, half ironic air, the mysterious moodiness, the suggestion of a strange and terrible history that has left him nothing but undying remorse"—the fascinating if self-tormenting personality of a Childe Harold. The only warrant in the whole script for the opera-bouffe conception of Sergius comes late in Act III, when Louka, declaring herself insulted by everyone, demands from Sergius, as the bellwether of this mass-persecution, an apology. Throughout the play Sergius, whenever any demand is made of him, plays infinite variations upon the actual assertion "I never withdraw!" made by his prototype, Shaw's friend the swashbuckling Cunninghame Graham, in a speech in the House of Commons. Throughout, Sergius plays these variations "with resolute, measured emphasis, folding his arms." Now, as Louka demands an apology, "Sergius immediately, like a repeating clock of which the spring has been touched, begins to fold his arms." But this

satiric stage-direction is only a "plant" for Bluntschli's cut-in, before Sergius can speak, "It's no use. He never apologizes." Otherwise the script gives no real excuse for the actor making fun of his part, as most Sergiuses, down through Lawrence Olivier in the Old Vic revival of 1944, have done. The contrast between "Arms," in the person of Sergius, and "the Man," in the person of Bluntschli, also admittedly modeled upon a friend of Shaw's, the common-sensible and calmly efficient Sidney Webb (although frankly one familiar with the domestic life of the Webbs will wonder where Shaw found in Sidney any signs of "an incurably romantic disposition"), is all the stronger and at the same time all the more comic if the actor plays Sergius "straight" without caricature.

Shaw wrote to the American actor Richard Mansfield in June of 1894 to dissuade him from merely directing the play without himself appearing in it, and to urge him to play Sergius rather than Bluntschli, since the Swiss and Raina "*cannot* fail," whereas the actor of Sergius has to be strong enough "to take over the piece with a sure grip" throughout the second act, when Bluntschli is absent until the end. He pointed out that from his entrance, Sergius is onstage almost constantly except for the early third-act scene betwen Raina and Bluntschli. Despite Shaw's advice, when Mansfield produced the play in New York in September, he played the role with a foppish hair-part, long drooping mustachios, and a monocle. Looking at his picture, one wonders what in Heaven's name the poor supporting player cast for Sergius can have looked like.

Archibald Henderson records that Shaw once told him that the play "was an attempt at *Hamlet* in the comic spirit: Shakespeare, modified by Ibsen, and comically transfigured by Shaw." He seems to have remembered more accurately what Shaw probably said when he refers to Sergius as "the comedic Hamlet . . . perpetually mocked by the disparity" between his imagined ideals and his persistent disillusionments. Only one critic of Shaw, the Marxist manifestoist Alick West, in one of the most unintentionally funny books ever written about Shaw, has missed the "comedic" adjective and tried to identify Sergius seriously with Hamlet, damning the dramatist for degrading the character "into little better than

a swaggering imposter." (Department of Funny Coincidences: in 1894 Shaw himself damned those who saw Sergius as "a swaggering imposter.") West also performs the amazing feat of finding the conflict of the play basically if muddleheadedly political, Bluntschli being a dull and stodgy Fabian and Sergius an unworthy Fabian portrait of the revolutionary as romantic and melodramatic. In other words, Sergius is a Marxist Hamlet. I am thinking of changing my name.

To return to Henderson: one suspects him of rehashing a passage in Shaw's preface to Archer's *The Theatrical 'World' of 1894,* in which was reprinted the condescending review of *Arms and the Man.* Despite the tone of that review, Archer asked Shaw to make some comment upon the play, and Shaw complied by discussing the difficulties for an actor in the mid-nineties of playing a part like Sergius, a hero *manqué* whose heroism is neither "admirable nor laughable" but piteous and ridiculous. The misgiving which attacked the actor cast for such a role, however, was the actual material on which the modern dramatist influenced by Ibsen based his "tragi-comedy." He compared Sergius to Ibsen's Torvald Helmer, a hero drawn "from the modern woman's point of view," cursed beyond Helmer's fate in that he himself catches glimpses of his personality and conduct from the same point of view. This interpretation squares with Shaw's drawing of the character within the play and with the characters of Louka, the modern young woman who prefers the weaker man, and Raina, the modern young woman under her conscious pose, who prefers the stronger man. But, Shaw lamented, the Helmers in the audience judged Helmer a cad and his "introspective Bulgarian" a "swaggering imposter," a "bounder."

My point in this section is to suggest that to play or to regard Sergius as a "swaggering imposter" is to distort Shaw's ironic yet sympathetic treatment of him as a tragi-comic figure and thereby to distort his constant theme (here applied to war considered as glamorous and adventurous and soldiering as romantic and heroic) as announced in 1898: "To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied

passions; instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history." Am I neglecting the ingratiating and very human Bluntschli? Indeed no. I merely agree with Shaw that he is obviously and easily audience-appealing. I am merely saying that one of the many attractive qualities of *Arms and the Man* is that it possesses *two* attractively unheroic heroes, with possibly an ironic underscoring of Bluntschli's realistic acceptance and Sergius's romantic glorifying of war in Nicola's practical ignoring of it.

IV

Has there been an undercurrent note throughout my rambling discussion that I consider this play in part a tract, a play of ideas? I hope so. From the opening conversation between Raina and her mother concerning Sergius and the cavalry charge, straight through to Bluntschli's blunt directions to Petkoff and Sergius on his final exit, the entire plot and dialogue are permeated with relevant comment upon war as it really is, a most unromantic and unheroic business. Never does the discussion come into the open or assume formal dialectic dress, as so often in the later plays. And that is good, for it makes the play a better play. Arguing with Henry Arthur Jones in December of 1894, Shaw objected to being considered "a doctrinaire." He wrote: "Like you I write plays because I like it, and because I cannot remember any period in my life when I could help inventing people and scenes. . . . things occur to me as scenes, with action and dialogue—as moments, developing themselves out of their own vitality." Surely the first act of *Arms and the Man,* mainly played by only two characters, is one of the most exciting opening acts in English drama and a fine piece of dramatic invention rather than the scheming of a doctrinaire. "I find," Shaw told Jones, "that when I present a drama of pure feeling wittily expressed, the effect when read by me to a picked audience of people in a room is excellent." But when such a play was presented in the theatre, he objected, most of the audience were confused by the presence of real feeling and the absence of theatrical feeling, while the "clever people" took the "discrepancy between the real and theatrical feeling" as necessarily satiric and showed their own cleverness by calling him "a monstrously clever sparkler in the cynical line." He regretted

that few people were in any way *"moved"* by *Arms and the Man.* One remembers that Henry Salt, a close friend and one of those to whom Shaw read the play before production, suggested its title should be *Battlefields and Boudoirs.* Irony always backfires. The ironic title of the ironic Shaw was obviously lost upon the Salt of his friends, as upon Archer and Jones, all of whom seem to have been complete doctrinaires and conventionalists in their Pinerotic preference for the life only of the theater.

There was a time, even before the play was degraded into the tinsel and fluff of *The Chocolate Soldier,* when Shaw found himself dissatisfied with the play. Re-reading it in 1904, he thought it "flimsy, fantastic, unsafe stuff," worthy of comparison with his later plays only if presented by a "fascinating" company. But in 1927 he told fellow-dramatist Alfred Sutro that only after World War I was the play really successful, "when soldiering had come home to the London playgoer's own door," and he then declared the play "a classic comedy and not an opera-bouffe without the music." Once again the world had caught up with Shaw: the play 1894, the War 1914. Not that the play was then taken overseriously: "classic comedy," said Shaw; "its fantasticated manner of presenting the truth came as a comic safety-valve in a time of unbounded horror," writes a recent critic. And, thirty years later still, in 1944, the Old Vic Company, led by Olivier and Ralph Richardson, revived the play on the very day that Bulgaria deserted Germany to ally herself to Russia. "In a moment," wrote a London journalist, "Shaw's comedy had become so topical that every line seemed diamond-pointed." And once again, in a production on the University of Colorado campus last spring, it was noticeable how much of recognition of reality and truth-telling, how much of relief at the attitude of sanity and healthy levity toward horror and waste and imbecility there was in the laughter, however different the warfare of cherry-tree cannons and that of bazookas, that of cavalry charges and that of armored divisions and atomic bombs. A slight piece of Shaviana, yes, but pure and unadulterated Shaw. *Arms and the Man,* although Shaw refused to sing of either with Virgilian romanticizing and enthusiastic acceptance, is the oldest piece of successful Shaviana, a perennial success for nearly sixty years.

# Eolithism and design

HANS OTTO STORM

Structures are the product of a building instinct, and to apprehend their nature it is worth while to investigate the way in which a building instinct works. There is a certain program which results in the most conspicuous fabrications of the present moment; it is discussed in books of engineering partly for this reason—partly also because it is the easiest of several to discuss—and it is called the method of design. It presumes that the workman knows approximately what he wants. This being so, there is selected for the material of the structure, a medium whose properties are known and preferably uniform. This certainty and uniformity of the material are extremely important—they affect not only the geometrical result of good designing, but they also affect deeply the mental discipline which the process demands.[1] Thereafter, the material is applied, in thought only, to the desideratum, and the structure, still in thought only, is extended by the use of well-known arithmetical rules, until it makes contact with the existing world. At this point the change is made from thought to fabricable material, and the direction of the operation is also reversed, the physical structure being begun at contact with the existing world and proceeding from there toward that thing which the workman has kept in his mind all this time as being what he really wants. This is the orderly process called design: we begin our thought-structure at the penthouse and work downward, adding supports which become greater and greater as the load augments: at contact with the ground we turn to physical construction, lay a foundation, and work backward over the path laid out. It may sound complicated, as do all processes when closely described in generality—it is no worse, however, and requires fewer words for its exposition, than, say, the process of muscular co-ordination required to get a fork into one's mouth without being stabbed. The design method of producing structures has its virtues and limitations: the number of possible

designs is vast, but the execution of even the least of them requires an amount of aptitude and perseverance. Getting materials on the job is rather cumbersome although, once obtained, they go together very nicely. The finished article has a universally recognizable appearance—though it may be thoroughly useless (design proper does not interest itself in this) it will in every case have an internal consistency, a certain "finish," and an arrangement which is, in the highest sense of the word, orderly.

That the design process is sometimes considered as a principle basic and universal to craftsmanship, as an ideal toward which more primitive attempts are but a blundering approximation, is a hangover from a period of thought some seventy-five years past. At that time, it must be remembered, God was conceived of by the devout as making a sincere if somewhat belated effort to catch up with what was being taught in high school. And since the design process had lately come into enormous temporal importance, God, thoroughly impressed, gave it a comparable spiritual sanction and established it as one of the great Natural Principles in his then somewhat constitutionalized domain.

There are, however, and were then, at least two other bases of craftsmanship observable, each of which is thoroughly different from the method of design. The remoter one might be styled the tropismatic, and can be conveniently watched in the building of birds' nests. In this activity one notices two things—first, that the bird goes at the task with an astounding number of false moves, and second, that the movements seem to be more important to him than the nest. The bird picks up a twig, flies around aimlessly, drops it again, picks at the ground, attains a desultory interest in another twig—if by chance the twig lands in the nest it is dropped there with what would appear to be an air of studied casualness. If the nest goes wrong the bird will continue carrying things as long as the impulse lasts—sometimes it will even go back to building in the middle of a brood and calmly pluck its feathered young to death to satisfy the desire for carrying something. A certain number of nests get built, some of them rather adequately, but it can not even remotely be claimed that any nest has been designed. The cat, which does not build nests, spends an amount of time in licking his coat, with the ultimate result

of cleanliness. His motive, though, is altogether a matter of conjecture—put your hand in the way, and if he is an amiable cat he will go on licking just the same. Since the cat can not bring forth his testimony, no non-feline can be certain whether he licks with the idea of getting clean, or because he likes that form of exercise, or in order to get rid of an excess of spit. In fact, we are nicely prevented from analyzing tropismatic craftsmanship because it appears almost exclusively in animals, and even the play of young children has practically passed out of this form.

Tropismatic craftsmanship in man is very rare. It may be observed only in occasional habitual movements, such as the two or three useless blows on the anvil for every useful blow on the iron which the blacksmith makes when enjoying his work, or perhaps in the activities of collectors of books, stamps, crockery, and automobile parts. In ungovernable and unreasonable and unpremeditated impulses toward constructiveness, man ranks low among the animals—below the birds and the beavers, and immeasurably below the social insects. Only in a very specious sense can man be called a constructing or a tool-using animal. He constructs, all right, but he does not do so as an animal. Certain individuals in his species have mastered a distinctly non-animal method of construction—these, who are so few that they may be called freaks or even perverts—carry on for the mass, while the great majority of men prefer to occupy themselves with war, literature, or various negotiations, or else exist by performing the drudgery of workmanship in the manner of a task more or less odious and forced.

But even the minority of humans who are workmen do not all know about design. There is a third form of craftsmanship, and into the nature of this we may inquire with some hope of reward, because it has existed in man before design was thought of, and because it is yet very far from dead. This form may be named the *eolithic,* if a slightly bastard etymology is not objected to.

Eoliths are pieces of junk remaining from the Stone Age. They are junk now because they are no longer useful, and in a limited sense they were junk at the time of their original contact with the hand of man. They have been defined, aptly, as "stones, picked up and used by man, and even fashioned a little for his use." The

important item of the definition from the point of view of method of craftsmanship, and the one which distinguishes the eolithic method fundamentally from that of design, is that the stones were *picked up*—picked up, that is to say, in a form already tolerably well adapted to the end in view and, more important, strongly suggestive of the end in view. We may imagine that person whom the anthropologists describe so formidably by the name of *man* strolling along in the stonefield, fed, contented, thinking preferably about nothing at all—for these are the conditions favorable to the art—when his eye lights by chance upon a stone just possibly suitable for a spearhead. That instant the project of the spear originates; the stone is picked up; the spear is, to use a modern term, in manufacture. Not only do the shaft and the thongs remain vaguely in the background, as something which will in its due time no doubt be thought of, but the very need and usefulness of the spear are in a way subsidiary to that instant's finding. And if, further, the spearhead, during the small amount of fashioning that is its lot, goes as a spearhead altogether wrong, then there remains always the quick possibility of diverting it to some other use which may suggest itself.

To sharpen the contrast, let us remember the basic requirement of the designing workman—he must know what he wants. He must, furthermore, before ever the design begins, decide on his material—steel and stone if it is to be a bridge, paper and printer's ink if it is to be the sale of breakfast food. The astute fashioner of eoliths, on the other hand, must have a continually open mind about materials, and he must also be open to reason and particularly to speedy adaptation in the matter of what he wants. He must have a dilettante mind—in the education of a competent eolithologist, nothing is so harmful as overspecialization.

Neither must he be handicapped by an excess of rationalism or by too strict an adherence to theories—one automatically falls into the phrase "theories of design" because theory manifestly belongs in that connection. This is because theory and rationality are susceptible to proof and justification—largely—only in those cases where the materials are uniform, and where there is considerable latitude for properly controlled experiment, so that the craftsman may have frequently impressed on his mind not only

what happens according to the theory, but also what else may happen when the theory is ignored. Theory, experiment, and generalization become rather useless ornaments when applied to cases which do not in the nature of things repeat themselves, such as that of the biologist with twins, who had one twin baptized and saved the other as experimental control by which to estimate the effect. Whenever three quarters of the factors governing a result are dumped on the craftsman's hands in a unique and arbitrary form, such a concern with the rationality of things does not, in general, add to the value of the product.

This is not to say that theories, in the eolithic craftsmanship, are harmful. In adapting a piece of driftwood to use as a doorpost, an appreciation of Euler's theory of columns does not impair the excellence of the result. Neither is the result affected by an appreciation of the lunar theory of irrigation, nor by the mouthing of suitable incantations during the progress of the work. And whereas a miscomprehension of Euler's theory might well cause a designed column to give way, so rugged and foolproof is the eolithic method that not even a miscomprehension of Euler's theory has ever been known to cause failure in an eolithic column, and untold eolithic structures have stood up under the use of column theories manifestly wrong. It is simply necessary, where a theory enters, that it be not *too* wrong, and the permissible latitude of wrongness is surprisingly great, so long as the theory is not rigidly applied to a homogeneous material which is under the control of the theorist from the beginning.

Suppose, for instance, an erroneous theory of columns called for the saturation of driftwood first with shark-oil, and suppose further (I am purposely ignorant on this matter) that such saturation actually reduced the strength of the wood by fifty per cent. In practice it would probably result that the penetration of shark-oil, using eolithic methods of application, was not very deep—further, that whatever slight detriment ensued would be totally masked by the crudity which necessarily inheres in the method of picking up the proper sizes of pillars on the beach, so that all in all a very minute proportion of houses would fall as a result of shark-oil. I have known sailors who thought the tides came at the same hour every day, and mountaineers, outdoor

people, who did not know that the fixed stars rose and set. Both of these specimens did from time to time order their movements by these wrongly apprehended natural phenomena, and both eventually muddled through—so that not only they but their theories with them survived into their ripe old age. They carried on the eolithic culture more or less, and continued to find useful articles to which their theories were sufficiently inapplicable, so that they lived on the whole comfortably enough. Their theories were not too wrong—after all, there *were* tides in the sea, and there *were* stars in the sky which did not move around very much. And the habit of being aware of these bulky natural verities brought in along with it an easy awareness of a multitude of other things individually quite below the threshold of classification, so that on the whole these people were workable, operating personalities who could get along in the world the way they found it, and whom one could depend on under the circumstances where one found them. In fact, all through the eolithic craftsmanship, rational thinking seems to have been largely a redundancy, exhibiting and using up an excess of competence which in its absence would simply have been diverted to some other form of swank.

Children, when they construct things in play, normally play after the eolithic fashion: a pointed board suggests the making of a boat, and if the toy, in process of construction, begins to look less and less like a boat, it can conveniently be turned into an airplane. Select the child who appears most ingenious in the making of this class of toys, present him with adequate tools and lumber, give him a simple plan which must, however, be adhered to until completion, and usually his ingenuity gives way to a disheartening dullness. Poor children usually do not have this kind of opportunity, and it is notorious that poor children make themselves the best playthings. They have to make them out of scraps, and the scraps constitute variety. They are eolithic craftsmen; it is not only that eolithic craftsmanship can get along without uniform material and plans—it is precisely the non-uniformity of scraps and the absence of set plans which form the circumstances for its best development.

One of the saddest spectacles in professional education is the

routing into design channels—that is, into science, certain fields of rational scholarship, and particularly engineering—of good, immature eolithic craftsmen. The great designer of works who spent his boyhood building windmills is a thoroughly established myth, so that the boy who builds things out of scraps is urged to study engineering, only to find out, late and perhaps too late, that the ingenuity and fine economy which once captivated him are something which has to be unlearned before he can do satisfactory work on large projects which involve design. So much more formidable is the stern discipline of design than the genial junk-picking of the eolithic craftsman!

That is not to say that eolithic craftsmanship, the picking up and adapting of things to useful purposes as opposed to the making of them from the ground up, is dead or out of place in modern life. I have seen a cottage built by a Mexican out of the following materials: stone, adobe, wooden timbers, kerosene cans, and a battered tin oil painting of the Madonna. For short times in the histories of peoples—namely for those short times when they are highly organized—design comes into prominence. In the ages between, the eolithic method has supplied man's intimate wants, for the good reason that it remains operable without that wealth of uniform materials and that vastness of informational background which the design program implies and which only a very high social organization offers. Nor, even within the years of large-scale industry, does there attach the mildest opprobrium to the use of the eolithic method, so long as it remains within specific fields.[2]

That the tree which does not bear fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire, and that the unruly ox is readapted to usefulness in the stewpot, are sound principles of husbandry and for long will be such. The reason is that trees and oxen are essentially non-uniform materials existing in a field where uniform materials are quite unthought-of, so that the design process is precluded from entering. Neither the ox nor the fruit tree were designed in the first place, but are presented by nature in their arbitrary forms, and are used by man as pure eoliths, "picked up and adapted a little to his use." The production of lumber, in spite of a high

degree of mechanization, remains today largely eolithic—the trees are found and not produced, and the sizes of balks which may be made out of a given log to best advantage are estimated by the sawyer during the instant while the sawing carriage pauses between the forward and the return pass. In the making of poles and piles out of the whole tree, the natural taper is furthermore utilized to good advantage. Roots are used for special curves in boat building, and in some clumsy but extremely rugged little ships built in Central America, whole frames are made of curved timbers "found" for the purpose in the jungle. In all these cases the craftsman has to deal, not with uniform material and limitless alternatives of shape, but with non-uniform material in shapes arbitrarily assigned by nature. Therefore the eolithic program remains in good repute.

The situation where this program is not in good repute but comes into sharp conflict with the tenets of design and therefore with the rules of good taste current among world-conscious people, is that where design methods and materials are thoroughly available, and where eolithism, in the form of an atavistic instinct, seeks to make petty savings by a departure from the method. In this position there is found the junkman, and all his brothers and his cousins and his half-caste children. That the junkman is represented as—and often is—unshaven, dirty, ragged, and of dubious honesty, is of the same nature of circumstance as that the North American Indian is frequently dirty and generally dubious—these symptoms are the inevitable stigma of an alien and receding culture which exists in the face of a culture advancing and dominant. That the junkman is usually Jewish means, similarly, that a trade mildly in disesteem has been left or delegated to a race mildly under persecution or social disadvantage. The fact is that the junkman, buying and selling odds and ends and putting them to naive and unexpected uses, represents eolithism flatly invading the territory of design, and in this role he may not hold up his head among the legitimate tradesmen, except—and this is most important—when he begins to deal largely in the uniform and meltable or melted product. As for the junkman's long attenuating list of relatives, there are the following: the man who builds a yacht out of a Navy motor-barge, the gardener who

makes his stepping stones from broken concrete, the frugal wife who trims her husband's nearly worn out pants to clothe the firstborn. All of these suffer social disesteem, and for a very adequate aesthetic reason, namely, that side by side with the pitiful approximations which they improvise, there exists the possibility of filling the same want by the design method and thereby producing an article not only better adapted to the need but much more elegant—that is, striking to the point with less lost motion. Worse than this, when it comes to eolithic craftsmanship, the citizen of a sophisticated culture is at a disadvantage even beside the barbarian, in that the supply of genuine and natural eoliths has been used up—so that he is obliged to pick up and adapt what is already a second-hand product, abandoned by people of his own culture who are closer to the top than he. The adapted article has therefore always been designed for something else, and usually for something better, and carries with it to the end a poignant human reminder of its one-time purpose, and the very fitness of such an article in its new place seems to have about it something mean and comical.

But at this point there enters into the infiltration of eolithism and design, a factor which causes a good deal of confusion. Design having found uniformity of material enormously convenient, as soon as the process feels its oats it also begins to think of uniformity of parts. And then the fat is in the fire. The uniformity of parts begins with bolts and screws and ends with trousers and tramp steamers. And the more, of course, such uniformity—originated to facilitate design—obtains, the less scope there remains for pure design to operate on individualistic structures. It is as if the grain of the material had become enormously magnified, so that what is now "uniform" is a new super-material, and one so coarse that only projects of a world-wide scope permit its use in free design processes. Moreover those parts which, in the process of standardization, are to be made uniform, are selected on the basis of a very cruel criterion—are selected neither for beauty nor utility nor universality of application, but for one thing only—volume of production. And so, ironically, it comes about that within a culture where it is possible—at a price—to produce almost anything imaginable, practical men seeking to

satisfy their individual wants are often limited to a very meager choice, and must perforce make shift with articles never originally intended for their use. The poet who asks for exclamation points is asked by the typewriter man to get along with a period and what might be described as a capital 8. A man having use for a twenty-gallon tank chooses generally between two sizes: ten gallons, which is the amount of gasoline required for the average automobile trip, and thirty gallons, the average amount of bath water consumed by a family on Saturday night. The householder wishing to construct, within the all-embracing field of the machine industry, one little machine for his own private use, must build it up out of automobile parts, radio parts, or agricultural machinery parts obtainable from a mail-order house—unless, of course, he can afford to hire a machinist and have his parts turned out by the technique of sixty years ago. There seems to be something about living during the full flower and vogue of the method of design, which reduces perfectly serious spirits to the necessity of foregoing that very method for themselves, and utilizing its second-hand products in the catch-as-catch-can manner best developed during the Stone Age. This is, of course, in line with the dynamic and transient character of the effectiveness of this design method, and may be a factor conducing to the briefness of its sway in a given culture.

FOOTNOTES

[1]For example, when it was first propounded that light did not always and from every point of view travel in straight lines, there was raised a fury of protest in a tone which it is no exaggeration to call moralistic. Before the dispute was over, eminent scientists were quoting very dubious poetry, while weaklings deserted their science altogether in pursuit of strange creeds. The reason why so much non-mathematical language was injected into the controversy, and why out-and-out laymen took so to heart a controversy in which they would never be able to measure the minute phenomena concerned, seems to be that an intellectual discipline of moral value was frustrated by an unforeseen lack of dependability in previously "known" relations.

[2]A depraved tendency in house-decoration, at the dictate of which vases are used for lamps, and vessels of more dignified original intent are adapted to use as coal hods, ash receivers, etc., is not to be confused with eolithic craftsmanship, but is to be taken rather as an overt display of the fact of

conquest. In these cases of "artistic" adaptation, the adapted article is *always* from a superseded culture—the chandelier made from a wagon wheel indicates the displacement, peaceful but nevertheless total, of the wagon-wheel system of values—one does not make chandeliers out of automobile wheels. The adapted article is, in this school of conquest-decoration, displayed, displayed either in the lamp, where it will perforce be gratuitously conspicuous, or in some article of definitely menial use—even the gods of violated cultures have been used for match-receivers. By contrast, eolithic craftsmanship is in its essence modest craftsmanship, and has nothing in common with the noise of conquest.

## BRAVELY FAIR

By SARA KEITH

Gold lace upon a courtier's sleeve?
I thought it foolish vanity till autumn came
And touched the aspen in the hills with flame.
Gold foam and granite! Now I can believe
That strength for beauty is a proper frame.

# Let's join a lobby

CLAY P. MALICK

It used to be said that when two Germans meet either they marry or they organize a club. This might now be said with more merit about Americans. In spite of our emphasis upon individualism, we Americans are more group-ridden than any other people in the world. There is scarcely an interest however eccentric that is not backed by at least one belligerent organization. The economic interests are perhaps the best organized. Arrange the alphabet any way you choose and you have the name of a trade association: random samples give us such organizations as the National Red Cherry Institute and the National Pickle Packers Association.

Are you excessively sensitive to the raucous noises of modern city life? Some fertile imaginations have already anticipated your needs: they will welcome you to membership in the League for Less Noise, with offices on Fifth Avenue in New York, where such an organization should, of course, be centered. The noises may well go on without abatement, but at least you belong. Leisure time is scarcely less well organized. Country clubs without number cater to those whose mental and physical requirements for the use of leisure are not too demanding. If, however, you demand something more unique and rigorous like log-rolling, the National Roleo Association, with a more exclusive membership of one hundred and fifty, is your meat. On the other hand, if log-rolling is essential to your business, you can join any of the thousand lobbying groups represented at the national capitol. Or, send your son or daughter to the University of Colorado, where his or her life will be rounded out by membership in and contact with more than two hundred campus organizations, supplemented by some six hundred more in and around Boulder.

Illustrating those masterpieces of understatement often found in government documents, a report by the Department of Commerce affirms that "all types of nonprofit, voluntarily-joined cooperative associations have reached high levels of membership

and financial support." Today there are in the United States 12,000 trade associations, 4,000 chambers of commerce, 70,000 labor unions, 100,000 women's organizations, and 15,000 civic service groups. At the national level alone 1,500 trade associations have been organized with a paid staff of approximately 16,000 persons and a membership of 1,000,000 business firms. Completing the understatement above, we may conclude that organization itself is big business and must have important consequences upon government and public policy.

Certain kind of assocations have attracted special attention and have caused much concern. These are the by now well-known pressure groups, whose job is to bring home the bacon with more regularity, finesse, and assurance than the local Congressman can do. More than a thousand of these are registered under federal lobbying legislation, and less than one tenth of them have what might be considered a special concern for the public interest. The duty of the vast majority of them is to cajole, persuade, and otherwise influence Congressional blocs to see it their way, with only indirect reference to national and international consequences.

There are two general views about these special interest groups. The older view held them to be unmitigated enemies of democracy, undermining everything that our way of life stood for. The literature of politics is replete with unqualified denunciations of them, as though their existence were pathological—like a neurosis that can be cured by shifting gears from the unconscious to the conscious. They have been referred to as "the despair of patriots." One writer, as late as 1945, insisted that "if the pressure group free-for-all holds the stage, economic break-down is not far away."[1] Another thinks the pressure group "one of the perils of the times."[2] Others are certain that there is no escape from organized pressures and no way the public and its government can protect themselves from them. On the whole, a gloomy picture has been sketched for us, yet we have managed to survive while the interest groups get bigger and better.

The more modern view accepts these groups with less concern but with equal resignation. Modern scholarship contends that group pressures are essential in such a widely diversified country as ours where the political parties are in no position to represent

such a multitude of interests. Nevertheless, even for the more up-to-date scholars, the public as such is nonexistent; it is only a "phantom," as Walter Lippmann observed so long ago; not only can it exert no power, it cannot even be represented. One recent book devoted to a study of this kind sums up the view found so frequently, that in our multigroup society, functioning as a democracy, there seems to be no way for the public interest to be determined and established other than through the free competition of interest groups. The necessary composing or compromising of their differences is the practical test of what constitutes the public interest.[3]

This idea that the public interest "ain't got nobody" is in part a hang-over of a fuzzy notion popular in the eighteenth century. Among the more influential writers of that time it was taken for granted that the foundation for both economic and political action could only be the rational selfishness of the individual man. This was assumed to rest upon an incontrovertible natural law. If men pursued the dictates of their personal interest after a rational consideration of all the alternatives, the public interest would emerge automatically. The public interest was a function of self-interest multiplied by the population. This was the "divine hand" doctrine so often attributed to Adam Smith, but actually part of the climate of opinion at the time. Thus, from the beginning of modern political thought, the notion of a public interest had been consigned to a heavenly abode. It comes to earth, it hovers as an essence over mankind, and it is invoked only when men are acting in pursuit of selfish purposes. It is not real; it is not a fact; it is not something you can kick with your foot; you cannot plan for it or institutionalize it. If you compare this supposedly scientific dogma with the passage quoted immediately above, you can observe an identity. In the twentieth century we have merely substituted the interest group for the individual.

It would appear from this that the citizen in this country can only go to the polls to select officers who are to become the victims of the rapacious pressure boys. Out of the conflict between workers and capitalists, between coal producers and the manufacturers of insulating materials, between trains and trucks and a thousand others, emerges the public interest. Public policy is a function of

government, so the story goes, only as government reconciles the conflict of purpose among the organized private undertakings. Labor policy can emerge only from the conflict between employers and union leaders. Presumably there can be no wisdom apart from that gained by leaders in battle, and to these only must Congress listen.

This is strange doctrine indeed when it is reduced to its common elements, yet it is firmly rooted in the thinking in this country today. It denies creative thought to anyone not in the midst of conflict or dominated by special interest. It denies man's capacity to look ahead and to plan. It denies the competence of a legislature to set up norms unless sanctioned by the interests immediately concerned and then only on their conditions. It reduces law and the moral sanction for law to the level of common contracts and collective agreements. Governmental agencies are arbitrators, and their actions have no greater moral compulsion than the award of an arbitrator, which is admittedly *ad hoc* and utilitarian.

It can be seen that resignation to government by pressure group raises some interesting implications. If we Americans were a theoretical rather than a practical people, these implications would be terrifying. We escape because of a fundamental allergy to ideas.

All that has been said so far is preliminary to showing that the picture is in no sense so dark as it has been painted. We turn now to a new, regenerating force which has only recently entered into the mainstream of American democracy. Because it is quite recent it has not received the attention it deserves. To my mind it is a trend which compares in importance with that earlier democratic movement associated with the names of Jefferson and Jackson. I refer to the growth of organizations whose purpose is to promote the general welfare as a whole. The aim of these groups is to survey American life in terms of high standards of behavior, of high ideals of governmental action, and to urge such policies as shall contribute to the common weal. It is difficult to classify these organizations because their purposes and methods vary widely. Some are engaged purely in research and in making their findings

available to the people; some combine research with action; others are lobbying groups in the public interest; still others are engaged as action groups but with no direct governmental contacts. Together they have been changing the face of politics in such a way as to give new strength to our way of life and continuing support to the progressive forces for necessary change. They give a new meaning to the expression "grass-roots democracy"; and they represent an organized mechanism through which the thoughtful, articulate citizen, who formerly had to work alone, can now augment his influence upon public affairs.

In addition to all this, these groups are a force in the field of adult education which far outstrips the press and other traditional means of communicating ideas. It is they, rather than the newspapers and the radio, that are gradually coming to educate members and non-members alike to the long-range issues of public policy.

The rise of such organizations indicates that there is an active, intelligent, and politically impressive minority in this country who believe that there is a genuine public interest as distinct from the special interests. For example, many believe that a free Europe is not only in the public interest of this country, but is also essential to the maintenance of the liberal way of life everywhere; so we have a National Committee for Free Europe, a Committee for a United Europe, and many others with different names working toward that end. Others believe that some kind of world organization is better for the world, and therefore for the United States, and have organized such persons through the Association for the United Nations, which is only a supplement to scores of related organizations with perhaps more specialized purposes.

Those who have surveyed the scene of local government through the years are convinced that we have made much progress along these lines since the days of Lincoln Steffens and the muckrakers. They are therefore investing time and money in permanent groups which act as watchdogs over these matters. Groups such as the Society for Public Administration and many others, have the merit of constant interchange of ideas between scholars, laymen, and government personnel. They have grown up because

of the heightened consciousness of the complex problems of government; and, at the local level, they are infinitely superior to the old reform movements whose evangelistic fervor evaporated repeatedly. These are only a few of the thousands of groups in the public interest which deserve attention and further study.

The public interest group not only orients and raises the understanding but also enhances the political power of the individual to the level of the group itself. Where an organization of this kind contributes to policy formation, it plays a more important part and is even more desirable politically than the sum of the members considered individually. Moreover, the leadership is in a better position for a rational analysis of issues than the individual. There are many administrative agencies, for example, that could not operate effectively without formal organizations of "constituents," and they operate even more effectively as the private groups show a concern and an understanding broader than their own special interests. The significance of these groups, then, lies not merely in their general purposes, but also in the concerted strength which they can wield. This article comes in the midst of a study of such groups to determine how broad a coverage of public policy they contribute to, how their methods compare with those of special interest groups, and generally how influential they are in shaping both public opinion and public policy. At the moment I have listed nearly four thousand such groups and have little more than scratched the surface. Most of these are groups with active programs, intelligent leaders, with local branches, and with an influence far beyond their circle of members.

Many people are sincerely worried about the future of democracy. They are ready to throw up their hands when the pollsters inform us that only a relatively small percentage of citizens know the name of the Secretary of State and that the informational level of the average voter is that of a thirteen-year-old. This kind of information is as irrelevant as worry based on it is unnecessary. For the moment we can skip the fact that relatively few decisions, facts, choices which the average man is called upon to consider in politics involve anything more profound than a thirteen-year-

old can manage, for we have institutionalized it that way. We can even skip the "average voter" as a political factor, for he is really only a statistical concept. The observation regarding a thirteen-year-old mentality is, because of these groups, coming to be a distortion of the facts. The facts are that when these thirteen-year-olds combine through organizations with leaders of much higher mentality, the leaders and not the thirteen-year-olds manifest the dynamic of democracy. In reality, these groups are eliminating people of low abilities through their recruitment of persons of greater ability and frequently of distinction. We are in reality recruiting an aristocracy at the grass-roots that asks nothing except the welfare of the country as a whole.

Few of the million or more members of the Farm Bureau Federation have the grasp of the farmer's problem that the leaders of that organization may have, but the activities of this special interest group in relation to government are conducted on the mental level of the leaders, not of the farmer back home; and the political significance of the million members, as well as of the five or more million non-members, for public policy is that of the organization. If we want to measure the strength of democracy in this country we must look in large part to the strength of these organizations.

We must measure the astuteness and the intelligence and the sincerity of the leaders of, let us say, the League of Women Voters rather than the political competence of the harried mother whose civic capacity may consist in little more than support for the purposes of the organization. But we need not assume also that the harried mother's civic capacity is not improved considerably by the discussions and the digest of issues which can reach her only because of that group. We might put it another way. If sixty thousand mothers depended upon their own efforts to evaluate public issues, we can pretty well guess what the quality would be. An entirely different dimension is introduced when politicians and lawmakers are forced to consider the power of those same women organized as a League of Women Voters.

For politics, then, the proper test of relevant know-how and of what Aristotle would call civic virtue is more and more confined to the nucleus of active participants represented by these organi-

zations. Whether the denizens of pool rooms and park benches understand Point Four is irrelevant. For the day-by-day processes of government even the scientific samplings of the opinion polls become irrelevant. Opinion sampling cannot measure such qualities as intensity of effort or belief, or the changing power position which membership in these groups entails. "Grass roots" today means the march of civic organizations which are in a position to raise the political intelligence and force of the American people above anything the slower process of education through the schools can do in itself.

This is true whether the organizations promote a selfish or an unselfish purpose. It is because of this that many people have become fearful of the growing numbers and power of the special interest group. They have not yet realized the growing countervailing power of the public interest groups. The movement in this direction is still young, and many of the leaders lack that skill which the special interests have acquired over a longer period of time. But when we consider the large numbers of college-trained youth who will, in another generation, compose both the leadership and the rank and file of these groups, we can look forward with confidence to a strengthening of the moral qualities in government. These organizations are the answer to the complaint of the citizen who feels himself ineffectual because he is only one of many millions. Six hundred organizations devoted to better governmental organization and administration, hundreds of others devoted to an intelligent foreign policy, thousands of organizations interested in better public school systems, enable the lost and confused citizen to focus his interests. It is doubtful whether any comparable form of grass roots democracy can be found anywhere else in the world. It is doubtful also whether in this country we could survive the onslaught of organized self-interest if it were not for the countervailing organization of public interest.

Lest it be thought that I have drawn a utopian picture of this development, let me point out that there are areas of governmental activity which groups of this kind have not, cannot, and possibly for a time will not touch. The empty chambers of our

political system arising from the separation of powers, the deadlocks of our checks and balances are too fixed constitutionally to respond to the activities of groups. The weakness of our political parties and the independent spirit of Congressmen are deeply entrenched in our folkways. What the public interest groups are trying to do cannot touch the sometimes vulgar conduct of election campaigns.

The American citizen should cast aside the oversimplified version of citizenship as consisting in going to the polls every two years and the seldom exercised right to petition the government. The real process of government takes place *between* elections; it is a day-to-day thing like living. In the complex issues today the citizen is in fact disfranchised for anything that matters. Hitherto only the conquest of wealth has supplied a sufficiently strong motive to fill the void between the wool grower thus disfranchised and those operations of government that concerned him. We are now in process of enfranchising the articulate citizen in a manner more affirmative and positive than a mere extension of the right to vote. It is being done without the drama of suffrage movements and constitutional amendments. The right to vote is a puny thing by comparison with these newer developments when they have reached their full flowering. Your membership in a group working in the public interest doubles your power even though it is not formally recorded on a ballot every biennium. More important, it is a continuous, sustaining unit of power directed toward an end over which you have more control than over those infrequent and limited choices which the political parties present to you.

We Americans have been enjoying an orgy of self-depreciation for so long that to be optimistic about our own future is almost obscene. If an apology for optimism is not always expected, at least a heavy obligation to make a full explanation is frequently placed upon the optimist. I think history will bear me out when I say that the rise of these groups is an index both of an emerging conscience and of a consciousness of common interests. America has been a land of opportunity, which has too frequently taken the form of selfishness, insistence upon legal rights, pursuit of personal pleasures and interests, with no recognition of respon-

sibility, self-restraint, and other moral obligations. The individual has been able to claim a long list of exaggerated rights against the community. Property has had a claim prior to human welfare. This was written into our law, it was taught to our children, it was implicit in the behavior patterns. Constitutionalism, democracy, rights were a bank account the individual had inherited with no admonition to replenish with deposits to the account.

Sooner or later this debasing of our Lockean inheritance had to come to an end, just as any bank account contains its last dollar. Indications too numerous to mention here point to this as the time for moral replenishment. Our reservoir of liberties, rights, equality before the law; of resources, jobs, industry; of survival, peace, a better world—these are issues of common interest. If the traditional forms of constitutional government could not adequately represent the shovel-handle manufacturer, neither can they adequately represent the public interest in the face of group conflicts. The rise of public interest groups may indicate that American creativity and inventiveness are as strong today as in 1787, and, moreover, that they are not confined to gadgets and space-ships.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Stuart Chase, *Democracy under Pressure* (New York: Twentieth Century Fund, 1945), p. 20.

[2]Robert Luce, *Legislative Assemblies* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1924), p. 385.

[3]W. E. Binkley and M. C. Moos, *Grammar of American Politics* (New York: Knopf, 1949), pp. 8-9.

# The way things are

HARRY MUHEIM

All summer long, Aunt Clara kept Uncle Alvin from taking Bim out to the slaughterhouse. Bim wanted to go there—as he wanted to go everywhere—and he always begged to go with his uncle for the weekly slaughter, but her foot stayed down. "Bim, your mother sent you up here for a happy, safe summer," she would say. "I've got to get you back to San Francisco in one piece come September, and you're too young to be climbing around those high corrals and watching the slaughtering." Bim thought his aunt was crazy when she talked like that. He was ten and a half and going on eleven.

Late in August, though, Aunt Clara had to make a trip down to San Francisco herself. Her blood pressure had shot up again, and her doctor sent her to the city for some kind of checkup. Uncle Alvin and Bim drove her to the station in the Model A truck, and as the train pulled into Oakdale, she ruffled up like one of her big hens and made Uncle Alvin promise again not to take Bim to the slaughterhouse.

"All right, Clara, all right," he told her in his big, easy way. "Now just stop worrying about Bim."

"Tell Mom I'm havin' fun," Bim said to his aunt, and he thought again of the hen as she leaned down and gave him a tiny click on the cheek for a kiss. Then Uncle Alvin kissed his wife goodbye and helped her up onto the platform. "Now don't forget, Alvin . . . ." she was saying as the conductor eased her into the car.

Two days later, as the new-day sun blazed cool and orange across the San Joaquin Valley, Bim and Uncle Alvin rattled out of Oakdale in the truck, down the white concrete road along the Stanislaus River. They were on their way to the slaughterhouse. Bim was delighted about it, but Uncle Alvin didn't seem happy.

"I don't like to break promises to your Aunt Clara, Bim," he said. "I thought Mrs. Morgantini would look after you today, but

she's taking her lambs over to Stockton for the fair. I couldn't let you stay in town alone."

"You sure couldn't," said Bim happily.

"You don't have to see the slaughter," Uncle Alvin added. "There's a big new pointed haystack out there you can slide down, or you can swim in the irrigation pond or . . . ."

"But I *want* to see the slaughter," said Bim. "You said yourself I'd never learn about slaughtering beef in an apartment in San Francisco. Remember?"

"Yes, but . . . ." The big man at the wheel was silent for a minute. "Well, we'll see," he said finally.

The truck bounced along the road, thumping at each ridge of black asphalt on the concrete surface. Bim stood up, gripping the bottom of the dashboard to steady himself.

"Uncle Alvin."

"Yes, Bim?"

"How come if you're a farmer you live in town?"

Uncle Alvin laughed quietly at this and glanced over at Bim. "Why, I dunno," he said. "Just seemed to work out that way. Clara's folks built us the house there when we were married, and whenever we'd get some ahead, we'd buy a little land somewhere around the Valley. But we never got money enough together to buy a real big piece . . . a real farm."

"Is the slaughterhouse yours too?" Bim asked.

"Only half. Sam Morgantini owns it with me. It's just a little place."

"How do they slaughter the steers, anyhow?"

"By hitting them on the head with a sledgehammer."

"Oh."

Bim sat back in his seat. He was quiet after that.

After several miles, they turned off the state highway onto a graveled road that led some distance across a field to a low brown building with a corrugated iron roof. The roof extended as a long shed on one side of the building to shelter a great block of baled hay. The surrounding corrals were empty, except for the one right next to the building in which about thirty head of squat, square cattle stood close together over in one corner.

"Well, Bim, here we are," said Uncle Alvin. "There's your

haystack down in the far field. You can climb the stacking pole and . . . ."

"But I want to watch them kill the cattle," said Bim, looking at the dashboard.

"Maybe you better go down to the haystack, Bim."

"Please let me watch, Uncle Alvin. I want to see them do it."

Uncle Alvin thought for a moment, running his hand slowly through his thick brown hair. "Bim, your Aunt Clara says it would upset you too much. I don't know as she's right, but . . . ."

"Aww, come on, Uncle Alvin. She won't be back 'til tomorrow. She'll never know the difference." Bim opened the door, stepped down to the running board, and jumped to the ground. "How can it hurt me just to look?" Uncle Alvin stepped down on his side of the truck and slammed the door. Bim ran around to him.

"You really sure you want to see it?" Uncle Alvin said, putting his big hand gently on the top of Bim's head.

"Sure."

"All right, then. Come along."

Uncle Alvin was not enthusiastic about it. He was frowning as they walked together toward the slaughterhouse. The sun was high and hot now, and a rich manure smell came from the corrals.

A man whom Bim had not seen before was waiting for them. He was a powerful, heavy Mexican, and Uncle Alvin called him José. José wore an old Army shirt, and his jeans were stuffed into knee-length rubber boots. Uncle Alvin took a pair of boots from just inside the screen door of the slaughterhouse, and as he sat down on a bench to get into them, José explained why Ramón Estrella couldn't come to help them today. He had been in a fight over in Stockton and got cut on a glass door as they threw him out of the place.

Uncle Alvin sighed about the loss of a worker, but then he smiled and made some joke about Estrella that Bim did not understand. José laughed at the joke with his mouth wide open, and Uncle Alvin began to laugh too as he went into the building. Bim could hear Uncle Alvin still laughing inside, and he looked at José who was now sitting on the bench, resting his head back on the wall of the building and laughing harder than ever. The joke seemed to get funnier and funnier for José. Bim felt left out

of it until he decided to laugh right along with the men. He forced a hard, shaking laugh out of himself and kept it up. That made him feel better.

Uncle Alvin stepped from the slaughterhouse, and Bim's laughter stopped cold. For a moment, Bim didn't recognize him at all. He was wearing a big heavy blue rubber apron that went from his neck down to below his boot tops. His bushy hair was hidden by a tight, white cloth, and he was carrying a huge sledge-hammer. It dawned on Bim that it was his Uncle Alvin who was going to do the slaughter.

"Let's get going, José," he said, as he threw the sledge up onto his shoulder. The handle jutted forward, stained brownish-red. Uncle Alvin was not laughing now. His face looked worried again. José took a sheath from his back pocket, slipped out a short knife with a sharply-curved blade, and went into the building. The screen door slammed behind him, and Bim followed Uncle Alvin around the corner of the slaughterhouse.

They stopped next to the high, heavy boards of the corral and peered through at the cattle huddled over on the far side.

"Bim," said Uncle Alvin slowly, "I wasn't quite your age when I first saw slaughtering . . . and I didn't like it at all."

"I'm not afraid," said Bim. Uncle Alvin looked so strange that actually Bim was a little afraid. But more than anything he was afraid of missing something.

Uncle Alvin sighed a little as he helped Bim up to the narrow boardwalk that ran all around the top edge of the corral. Then he heaved the sledge onto the boardwalk and climbed up himself. Bim walked along the two-by-twelve board to an inclined chute which led from the corral up to the slaughterhouse building. He went on up the inclined two-by-twelve, then stood waiting above the narrow pen at the upper end of the chute. The pen was built flush with the slaughterhouse, so that one side of the pen was a long, low sheet-iron door built into the wall of the building.

Bim turned around and saw Uncle Alvin down at the far end of the boardwalk, singling out a steer by poking him on the rump with a bamboo pole. He had barely touched the hide when the animal jumped, lunged across the corral toward the chute, then stumbled up the damp incline with an uncertain, sliding, plung-

ing motion. The steer pushed into the little pen right at Bim's feet, and Bim grabbed an upright as the whole structure swayed a little. Uncle Alvin rushed up and slammed the pen gate. The steer tried to back out, but it was trapped. It bawled and kicked, and its eyes rolled far back into the head, exposing the veined white part of the eyeball.

"Why did he come up the ramp so fast?" Bim asked with surprise.

"I gave him a little shot of electricity with the pole, Bim. It makes 'em come up in jig time."

Uncle Alvin straddled the narrow pen and stood directly over the steer's back, holding the sledgehammer. He wedged his boots solidly between some cleats that were nailed to the tops of the two-by-twelves. With both hands together at the end of the handle, he swung the sledge in a low, slow arc down between his legs, along the side of the animal. Then he quieted the steer by placing the cold metal sledge head firmly against its neck. Bim held on tighter.

As the steer stood still, Uncle Alvin quickly raised the big hammer until it hung just over the top of the animal's head, a little forward of the ears. Then with great care, he reached down and grabbed the neck of the sledge handle with his right hand. He paused for just a second before beginning the swing, then Bim caught his breath as he watched Uncle Alvin bring the great weight around in a large speedy arc and smash the oblong steel head into the steer's skull.

The animal fell against the side of the pen, then the forelegs buckled. It made an attempt to rise, but collapsed completely, and Uncle Alvin shouted, "Take 'er away." He stood there quietly, leaning upon his sledge as the sheet-iron gate swung up into the side of the building, and the thrashing hulk slid out of sight.

The strength went out of Bim's body. He stumbled down the inclined board and tried to jump to the ground from the top of the corral. But there was no spring in his legs as he hit, and he fell on his face in the dirt. On the ground, he rolled over and looked up at Uncle Alvin, still standing high in the air astride the killing pen. The wind was knocked out of Bim, and he was mixed

up. This giant with the white-wrapped head and the bloody sledge and bloody boots—was this his Uncle Alvin?

Bim felt as though he would throw up. He got up and ran, just to be running, and he finally stopped way down at the far end of the hay shed. There he threw himself on a bale and closed his eyes. He lay quietly, feeling sick and dizzy and scared. His forehead hurt where it had hit the ground.

When Bim opened his eyes, he saw a watering trough in the corral next to the shed. Hopping off the bale, he pushed open the gate, ran over and put his entire head into the clear, icy water. He held his breath and stayed that way for what seemed a long time. It shocked him and made him feel a little better. He returned and sat on the bale for a moment, but then made himself get up and start back toward the slaughtering pen. He had to go back there. Uncle Alvin would sure think it was funny, his running away like that. Especially after he'd said he wasn't afraid.

He walked back unsteadily alongside the high-stacked bales. As he came up to the slaughterhouse, he could hear José's voice from inside. José was singing a merry song in Spanish, but suddenly the song stopped, and he shouted, "Look out below!" Bim jumped as a small swinging door in the side of the building flashed open right next to him, and a mass of green and purple tubes slithered out of a chute and dropped into an empty gasoline drum that stood next to the wall.

A new wave of sickness hit Bim. His head was still wet, but he turned around and dashed back to the trough. He pushed his head under the water once more, and once more it steadied him. But he wasn't going back to the slaughter again, no matter what Uncle Alvin thought about him.

Bim climbed back onto his bale. He did not feel sick now, but he started to cry as he lay on the hard, dry-smelling hay. He couldn't seem to stop. Every little while Uncle Alvin would shout, "Take 'er away," and Bim would hear the sheet-iron door creak as it swung back. That meant that Uncle Alvin had killed another one.

The next thing Bim knew, Uncle Alvin was rocking the bale back and forth in order to wake him up. It was noon. José had gone

home to eat, and Uncle Alvin had brought their lunch from the truck. He'd also taken off the white head cloth and his apron and boots, so for the first few seconds after Bim was awake, there was nothing to remind him of what had happened. But then Bim felt his damp hair and the welt on his forehead, and he remembered. He knew that he must have tear streaks on his face, but Uncle Alvin didn't say anything about them. He was glad that Uncle Alvin had not come when he was crying, anyway.

"Feel like a chicken sandwich?" asked Uncle Alvin, opening the big, blue tin box.

"I don't think so. Not right now."

Uncle Alvin held a thick sandwich out to him. "You better try to eat a little of it, anyway, Bim."

Bim took the sandwich and munched on it slowly. Uncle Alvin sat on a bale near him, but he didn't try to make conversation. Bim wanted to explain to him about his shock and his fright, but he didn't know exactly what to say. Finally after a long time Uncle Alvin said, "Aunt Clara certainly knows how to cook a chicken, doesn't she?"

Bim had forgotten all about Aunt Clara. "We don't have to tell her anything about it," he said quickly. "We'll tell her I hit my head sliding off the stack."

Uncle Alvin smiled the way older people do when they know all about something. "There's no point lying to her," he said.

"She's gonna be sore at you, isn't she?"

"I expect."

Bim felt his head again. "But there wouldn't be any trouble if I hadn't got banged up like this," he said.

"Don't worry about it, Bim," said Uncle Alvin quietly. "It's only natural for Clara to worry about you. You see, we've never had any children of our own. That makes her way too careful with you."

"Oh."

"But Clara's been mad at me before, and somehow she always gets over it."

They both laughed at this as though everything were settled, but in the middle of the laugh, Bim suddenly remembered the killing pen again.

"I didn't think I was going to be scared, Uncle Alvin . . . but I sure was."

Uncle Alvin stopped laughing too. "I know how you felt, Bim," he said.

"Do you *have* to kill them?"

Uncle Alvin thought for a little bit and then replied slowly, "Well, it's part of making a living, Bim. I don't like it, but somebody's got to do it. That's just the way things are."

"It is?"

"Sure. As you get older you have to do a lot of things you don't like. Look at your Aunt Clara, going all the way to the city to see a doctor. That's not easy, but still she has to go."

"I guess so," said Bim.

"And I couldn't go with her because I've got to keep on working."

"I guess so," Bim repeated.

"But you know, it's funny," Uncle Alvin went on after a little pause. "A person gets used to things—even things he doesn't like. Why, after all these years slaughtering seems just natural to me. Natural as trees growing thicker where they have more water."

Even though Bim wasn't too clear about this, it was reassuring to listen to Uncle Alvin's calm voice. Bim said nothing, but he felt a small surge of confidence go through himself.

"You want to go back to town, Bim?" Uncle Alvin asked helpfully.

"Oh, no," said Bim. "You're not finished with your work. And I'm not a baby."

"I know that. I just thought maybe . . . . "

"Do you suppose I could go look at it again?" Bim asked quickly.

"Sure, if you want to."

"I mean do you think I'd get sick again."

"Maybe. But it'll never seem as bad as it did this morning. Never again."

"Then maybe I ought to try it," said Bim. He took a big bite out of the sandwich and chewed it fast.

"You know, I think I've got a better idea," said Uncle Alvin.

"Instead of just standing around looking, you come in and help José and me this afternoon."

Bim wasn't sure about this. He didn't want to take on too much. "Would I be any good?" he asked.

"We could see. Estrella didn't show up, and I could put you right on the stripping floor with José."

"You could?"

"Sure. And it won't be make-believe help like when you helped with the plowing. This'll be real help."

"But what if I get scared again?"

"Oh, we'll keep you so busy you won't have time to."

Bim spoke definitely. "Okay, I'll do it, Uncle Alvin. I'll do it." Then he added, half to himself, "I'll sure try, anyway."

Bim was all dressed and ready to go when José returned for the afternoon's work. His uncle had cut down a rubber apron for him, and the old pair of knee boots he wore were almost hip boots for him. Standing in the middle of the rough, damp concrete floor, Bim began to feel frightened again, but now, dressed for the job, he felt important enough to go through with it. He couldn't let Uncle Alvin down again.

"Bim's going to help us this afternoon, José."

"Good," replied José as a wide smile cut across his broad face. "I show you the work, boy."

Uncle Alvin went outside with the sledge. As José explained the job to him, Bim could hear the steer stumble up the ramp next to the building. He waited, tight inside, to hear the blow of the sledge, trying at the same time to listen to José's instructions. First, when Uncle Alvin said, "Take 'er away," Bim was to reach up and pull the release rope on the sheet-iron door. That would let the dead steer fall in onto the floor. Then he would have to push the guts out, help with the skinning, and keep the floor cleaned with the hose.

There was the expected crash, and Uncle Alvin's shout resounded from the outside. Bim rushed over to the brown-stained rope and gave it a violent tug. The powerful spring swung the iron door up on the squeaking hinges, and a massive steer flopped in onto the damp concrete floor. José caught the great hind legs,

drove a metal hook into each fetlock, gave a mighty pull on the block and tackle, and in a moment the carcass was swinging free and spread-eagled in the center of the room. Then José handed Bim a thing that looked like a janitor's broom, only instead of a brush it had a long flat board with a strip of rubber along the bottom.

"Now, boy," said José, picking up his curved knife, "you push the guts down the slide."

"Where are they?" asked Bim, holding the pusher with both hands.

"Inside," said José.

José drew the knife quickly down the entire length of the animal's belly. He stood aside as the innards dropped to the floor. Bim looked at them, and his confidence waned. They were the awful colored things that had frightened him this morning.

Uncle Alvin came in from the killing pen. He put down the sledge and picked up his knife. "That was good work on the door, Bim," he said, smiling firmly. Then very casually, he added, "Oh, now you just shove those down the chute over there. They go outside into the barrel."

"I know," said Bim, leaning on the pusher, his eyes riveted on the mass.

"Go ahead, boy," said José. "Push them."

Bim put the broomlike pusher in position, took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and shoved them quickly across the floor into the chute. José shouted gaily, "Look out below!" as they hit the swinging door at the bottom. For a second the chute was flooded with daylight, then the little door fell closed again, and the job was done.

Bim turned around to look at the men, and his face was a big smile. The dirty job was done, and he had done it! He laughed aloud happily at his victory. He didn't get sick at all. Why, that was crazy for him to be so scared this morning.

José and Uncle Alvin made neat little circular cuts around the rear legs of the suspended animal, and, with their curved knives working rapidly, they began to strip the hide from the carcass. José sang the Spanish song as they worked. Bim watched them cut into the hard white tallow beneath the hide. Then they would pull

the hide off until it stuck—and cut quickly at the tallow again. Finally, Uncle Alvin gave Bim the curved knife, and Bim got to make the final cut around the neck—the cut that separated the hide from the body.

José shifted the clean, red- and white-streaked carcass onto the little overhead conveyor and shoved it out into the cool, wax-smelling inspection room. Uncle Alvin slid his knife blade carefully in a circle on the sharpening stone for a minute, then he showed Bim how to wash down the stripping floor with the hot water hose. José came back into the room and stood whetting his knife while Uncle Alvin shouldered the sledge again and went outside. Bim stood by with his hand on the release rope. They worked steadily for over two hours, then stopped for a breather and a drink of water.

"Why, we're knocking 'em off like flies this afternoon," said Uncle Alvin, as they stepped outside and stood in the shade of the building.

"You do fine," said José, nodding at Bim.

"I'm proud of you, Bim," said Uncle Alvin. "Aunt Clara'll be proud too, when I tell her what you've done."

"I hope so," said Bim. "Maybe she won't be so extra careful with me after this, huh?"

"Maybe," replied Uncle Alvin, "but it's hard to say." José passed him the dipper, and he took a long drink.

The two men had just gone back inside when the government meat inspector drove up in his dusty Plymouth. Bim was getting one last drink from the pail as the inspector came around the front of his car. He was testing the purple ink in his kit by making the little round stamp of approval on the back of his hand.

"Hi there, young feller," he said, stopping as he saw Bim. "Say, you're sure dressed up. You helpin'?"

"Sure," said Bim. "What's that, Mister?"

"This? Well, you see, first I look at the beef that you've slaughtered in there, and if it's all right, I put this little round stamp on it. That means the Federal government says the meat is okay. Like this, see?"

He took Bim's hand and pressed the stamp lightly onto the back of Bim's wrist. The deep purple circle and the neat letters, U. S.

GOVT. INSPECTED AND APPROVED, were very impressive. Bim hoped the mark wouldn't wash off before he went back home to San Francisco. He wanted to show it to his folks.

"Well, how's everything goin' out here today?" asked the inspector as they walked in through the screen door.

"Oh, mighty fine, Mister," replied Bim, letting the door slam behind them. "Why, we're knocking 'em off like flies this afternoon."

## AND SWIFTLY

By J. JOSEPH LEONARD

Each man starts a Gulliver,
A giant striding o'er despair;
Each man ends a Gulliver,
A pygmy fastened by his hair.

# Trace elements: the needle in the haystack

HAROLD F. WALTON

Near the coast of South Australia is a barren area called the Ninety Mile Desert. Unlike most deserts, which are barren because they are dry, this one receives plenty of rain the year round. The land is flat and the soil suffers no erosion. Yet it supports nothing but a little stunted scrub, unfit even for grazing. Here sheep lose weight and die, and even the ubiquitous Australian rabbit stays away. Early settlers tried to fertilize this land, but to no avail; they gave up, and left Ninety Mile Desert to claim the skeletons of their homesteads.

In the nineteen-thirties, Australian scientists turned to these bad lands with new hope. Research was showing that traces of metallic elements, such as manganese, molybdenum, copper, and zinc had a profound effect on soil fertility and plant growth. Biologists had suspected this for a long time but could do little to confirm their suspicions until chemists and physicists came forward with tools and techniques for finding and measuring traces of elements which might occur to the extent of a gram or less in a ton of other materials. The problem was like finding the proverbial needle in a haystack. By 1930 the chemist, even if he could not reach in and pick out the needle, at least knew how—figuratively speaking—to burn down the haystack and recover, and weigh, the scales of oxidized iron.

Armed with new analytical techniques, the scientists studied the soils of Ninety Mile Desert and found in them all the elements needed for plant growth save two, zinc and copper. In normal soils these are present to the extent of a few parts in a million parts of soil. Sure enough, when zinc and copper sulfates were ploughed into the soil, just a pound or so of each to the acre, along with some superphosphate fertilizer, things started to grow. The battle is not over yet, for several crops of clover must be raised and dug in to build up humus, but the Australians estimate that

if all goes well, Ninety Mile Desert will someday grow enough food to feed ten million people.

A similar problem, though less acute, arose not long ago in the rich Okanagon Valley, which runs from British Columbia into the state of Washington and produces apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, and tomatoes. A strange disease was appearing among the fruit trees. Every year it grew worse and threatened to destroy the crop. The pears and apples were becoming soft and rotten around the core, or they shriveled on the tree as though suffering drought; sometimes they never had a chance, for the buds died on the branches in the spring. No guilty insect or parasite could be found, nor was the Okanagon Valley alone affected. The malady turned out to be due to the lack of an element which is hard to detect in traces—boron. Again, all that was needed was a small trace, about 15 parts per million parts of dried plant tissue; the diseased fruit only contained two or three parts per million. The trees were restored to full vigor by spraying them with borax solution or by applying borax to the soil, and an industry was saved.

Several trace elements have been recognized as necessary to plant and animal life, and different species have been found to have different requirements. A very interesting example is the need for cobalt. Cattle and sheep which feed upon pastures deficient in cobalt grow anemic, lose weight, and die. This condition is common in the United States, yet has been recognized only recently, and no wonder, for one milligram a day (the weight of five grains of table salt) is all the cobalt a sheep needs to keep healthy. The grass on which the sheep feeds, however, will keep healthy if it only contains one part of cobalt in 1,000,000,000,000!

One is tempted to liken these trace elements to the vitamins which are essential to human and animal nutrition. The comparison is apt, for it is now known that one of the rarer vitamins, vitamin B 12, contains cobalt. It may well be that the role of trace elements in plants and animals is to form part of vitamins or enzymes, those mysterious catalysts which control the complex chemical cycles of digestion and respiration to which we owe our physical existence. We know already that zinc enters into the

composition of a certain enzyme—one part of zinc to three hundred parts of purely organic matter—and that other enzymes contain iron, copper, and manganese. Professor T. T. Puck, of the University of Colorado Department of Biophysics, has observed in his work on viruses that minute traces of zinc speed enormously the attachment of certain viruses to bacteria, yet prevent the virus from damaging the bacterium when it is attached. It is probable that this effect is linked to enzyme action. To understand how these metals are "built into" the enzyme fabric and how they function, we must not merely show that they are there, as by burning down the haystack and recovering a blob of iron that was once a needle; we must, so to speak, X-ray the haystack and discover the location, size, and shape of the needle. This task is one of the greatest challenges facing the biochemist today, and he will need all the tricks of biology, chemistry, and physics to meet it.

Though trace elements do not often make newspaper headlines, we have all read about the fluoridization of drinking water. This story began twenty years ago, when it was found that the disease of mottled dental enamel, prevalent in parts of Texas and rampant in India, was associated with high fluoride content of the water drunk by children during the time of growth of their permanent teeth. "High fluoride content" means, in this case, over four parts per million, or one ounce of fluoride to seven tons of water. Now mottled dental enamel is not the same as dental caries or ordinary decay; in fact, teeth with mottled enamel did not show dental caries at all. Fluoride seemed to be a cure for dental decay, but the cure was worse than the disease. Further study showed that if the fluoride content were at just the right level—between one and two parts per million parts of water—one could get the best of both worlds; teeth showed no mottling or softening of the enamel, yet at the same time, dental decay was substantially less than in communities whose water contained no fluoride. The value of adding fluoride to drinking water is now established, but where this is done, the concentration in the water must be regularly checked by chemical analysis.

With modern analytical methods most elements can be detected in water if their concentration is one part or more in ten million.

An interesting application of this new facility is "geochemical prospecting." Ore deposits buried in the ground can sometimes be located by the traces of metal they impart to the streams flowing over them. This technique has been used in Canada and Australia with some success. Another prospecting technique which seems to have greater possibilities, though it is very new and as yet insufficiently tested, is to analyze leaves and stalks of trees growing on ground suspected of bearing ore. The roots of the trees go deep down, perhaps to bedrock, and by drawing up dissolved metals from the rock, save the prospector the trouble of digging away the overburden. Fine analytical work is needed, for often the metal content of leaves and stems in a mineralized area will be only two or three parts per million more than in non-mineralized areas.

Nature offers her problems in trace analysis, and so does Art. We suggested that the role of trace elements in living matter might be to form part of, or to activate, catalysts. Certain it is that many man-made catalysts, such as those used in the petroleum industry, depend for their action on small traces of "impurities." Again the analytical chemist must stand by to control their production, to make sure there is not too much nor too little of the all-important "impurity." But for the most exacting tasks which the analyst has to perform, let us take two examples from a new and flourishing branch of science: the physics of the solid state.

The new industry of television depends on phosphorescence produced when a beam of electrons hits a translucent screen made of a solid such as zinc sulfide or zinc silicate. Now, really pure solids do not show phosphorescence. A trace of an "activator" must be present, generally a heavy metal such as copper, in amounts up to one part in ten thousand. But if the wrong impurities are present, the phosphorescence is killed entirely! One part of iron in a million parts of zinc sulfide makes it useless in a television screen.

Another new industry with fantastic purity standards is the manufacture of transistors. The "man in the street" has not heard of transistors yet, but he soon will, when he finds he can get pocket-size portable radio receivers with batteries that last for

years. The "junction transistor" is a little crystal of the rare element germanium, which is first purified to an incredible degree, leaving less than one part of impurity in a billion, and then inoculated with infinitesimal quantities of selected impurities, arsenic at both ends, perhaps, and aluminum in the middle. These elements produce changes in the crystal's electric properties which give it its peculiar power to control current flow. The story of the analytical chemist's part in transistor development is not yet told, but it will make interesting reading.

Enough examples have now been cited to show both the need for techniques of trace analysis and the discoveries which have been made with their aid. Let us now follow that modern Sherlock Holmes, the analytical chemist, into his laboratory, and see how he goes about looking for the needle in the haystack.

The first job, as a rule, is to burn down the haystack. This is especially necessary if the sample is of a biological nature, such as food, plant tissue, blood, or urine. The "burning" is seldom done in the literal sense, for blood does not burn as easily as a haystack, but the destruction of organic matter is accomplished by boiling with powerful acids, such as sulfuric and perchloric, aided often by oxidants such as potassium permanganate. Knowledge and care are needed to avoid explosive combinations, for these agents are extremely potent, but in the Kettering Laboratory of Applied Physiology at the University of Cincinnati, hundreds of samples a week are safely cooked with perchloric acid and reduced in an hour or so to clear, sparkling liquids. Most of these analyses are matters of industrial hygiene. To maintain our machine civilization, many people must of necessity work in daily contact with poisonous metals, such as lead, mercury, arsenic. Regular analyses of body fluids give warning should the accumulation of these metals in the body reach a dangerous level. The Kettering Laboratory has developed the "digestion" of biological materials to a fine art, as well as the analytical procedures which follow. Precautions are needed to see that no metal is lost during the bubbling and fuming with acids, and even more important, to minimize the contamination of the sample by the chemicals or vessels used. There is no such thing as a pure chemical or a clean

dish, and in trace analysis it is essential to run "blanks" or tests in which everything is mixed together but the sample. Whatever amount of metal is found in the "blank" has to be subtracted from the amounts found in the analysis of the samples.

When we finally have our trace metal in a clear, clean solution, we can continue the analysis by orthodox chemical means, which use chemical reactions to isolate or distinguish the metal sought, or we can use physical or "instrumental" techniques, such as spectroscopy or polarography, in which optical, electrical, or other physical manifestations tell what elements are present and how much. Both types of analysis have their place and are complementary to one another. Let us consider the "chemical" methods first.

"Analysis" means a breakdown, a separation of a complex body into its individual parts. In its literal sense, chemical analysis requires the separation and isolation of individual chemical elements, as when the assayer melts down gold ore and recovers a tiny button of pure gold. Most metals are not as easy to get out of their compounds as gold, so we do the next best thing; we separate out the metal (or non-metal) we are seeking in the form of a pure compound of exactly known composition, and we weigh this compound. This type of analysis, called "gravimetric" analysis, is the most literal, unequivocal, and generally applicable kind of analysis, and it is usually the most accurate. Unfortunately it is often slow and laborious and not well adapted to trace analysis. To show that it *can* be used for traces, let us see how Oskar Baudisch determined the amount of iron in the waters of Saratoga Springs in 1937.

Baudisch developed his own reagent for this task, a compound which he called *neocupferron*. When added to water which contains an iron salt, neocupferron combines with the iron to form a bulky brown solid which settles to the bottom of the vessel and can be recovered and weighed. One part of iron gives nearly eleven parts of this solid, an obvious advantage when one is looking for traces.

The chemical formula of the iron-neocupferron compound is shown in Figure 1. We notice that the iron atom (Fe) is held in a ring with four other atoms, and that the ring is closed by a

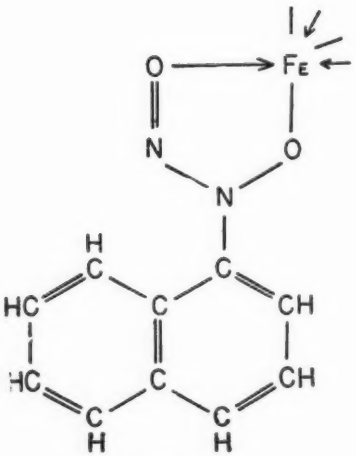


FIGURE 1

Iron-neocupferron compound, a bulky brown solid.

In this and Figure 2, each iron atom is surrounded by three rings of atoms in space, but for simplicity only one is drawn.

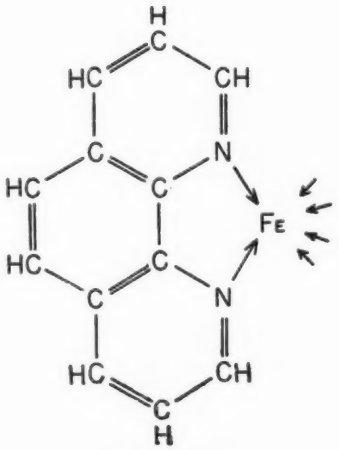


FIGURE 2

Iron-orthophenanthroline compound, which gives an intensely blood-red solution.

Here the iron atom carries two positive charges.

special kind of chemical bond denoted by an arrow. This is a *co-ordinate* bond, one which is electrically lop-sided and is relatively easily formed and broken. Rings of atoms which are closed by one or more co-ordinate bonds are known as *chelate rings* (Greek χηλη, a crab's claw). *Compounds which form chelate rings with metals are of the utmost importance in modern analytical chemistry.* Hundreds of them are known, and most of them are selective in their action, that is, they close their claws upon certain kinds of atoms only and reject others. This is an obvious advantage in separating complex mixtures. Just why these "crustaceans" are so choosy is another story, and a long one, most of which is yet to be told.

Many chelated metal compounds are strongly colored. This enables us to detect small traces of metals and measure their abundance more conveniently and accurately than if we had to separate and weigh a solid compound. Consider the measurement

of traces of iron with ortho-phenanthroline. This substance is colorless, but when mixed with a solution containing a salt of iron, it forms a deep blood-red compound whose formula, shown in Figure 2, shows that it contains the chelate ring. This compound does not settle out, but remains dissolved in the water. Its color intensity (which is many times greater than that of a potassium permanganate solution of comparable concentration) can be measured accurately with a photoelectric colorimeter, an instrument which uses a photoelectric cell. Less accurately, but more simply, it can be estimated by comparison with a set of colored glasses. This makes an extremely simple test for use in the field. All one needs is a few glass cups, two or three bottles of chemicals with medicine-dropper caps, and a viewer, something like that we use to look at miniature color slides, which carries the different colored glasses mounted on a wheel; he can then detect and measure iron concentrations as low as one part in ten million of water. This test, developed after 1938, has now become the standard method for determining iron in water analysis. A modification of it is used in the canning industry to detect both iron and copper, traces of which impair the keeping qualities of certain foods.

Sometimes the destruction of a colored compound can be used to tell the amount of the substance producing the destruction. To measure the fluoride in drinking water we use the deep cherry-red chelated compound formed between the yellow dye alizarin and the metal zirconium. Fluoride salts, which have an extraordinary affinity for zirconium, bleach the red color. The more the bleaching, the more fluoride is present.

The most useful of all color-producing agents is diphenylthiocarbazone, called "dithizone" for short. This is used as a solution in chloroform, for it will not dissolve in water, nor will its metal compounds. Dithizone itself is dark green; with copper, mercury, lead, zinc, and other metals it forms chelated compounds which are orange or red. Under the right chemical conditions it will combine with only one of these metals at a time. We shake the right amount of dithizone solution with the solution to be tested and get olive green or plum colors which can then be examined in a photoelectric colorimeter or else compared by eye with a set

of standard colors. The dithizone colors are extremely intense, and for certain metals this method rivals or exceeds the spectroscopic method in sensitivity. It is used in food analysis, industrial hygiene, toxicology, and in geochemical prospecting.

Before we leave the "chemical" methods, let us review one of the most romantic and difficult feats of trace analysis ever performed: Fritz Haber's determination of the amount of gold in sea water.

There is a legend, widely current in scientific mythology even today, that sea water contains nearly enough gold to make it worth extracting. A figure of six milligrams of gold, or about seven cents' worth, to the ton is often quoted. After World War I, Fritz Haber thought that he could neatly solve Germany's reparations problem by mining the gold from the sea. In this he failed, not because his process was unsound, but because the sea turned out to contain far less gold than he and others had supposed. The gold which others found was real enough, but it did not come from sea water; it came from the chemicals they were using, from the glassware, and even from the dust in the laboratory air. Haber was bitterly disappointed, but being a scientific investigator, he made the best of a bad job. In a laboratory which was as spotless as any surgery, he analyzed thousands of samples of sea water from all over the globe for gold. It will surprise most chemists to know that the method he used was a modification of the oldest analytical procedure in the world, the fire assay.

To gather the gold in his half-gallon samples of sea water he first added a salt of lead, then ammonium sulfide. Together these precipitated a black cloud of lead sulfide, which on settling carried with it the traces of gold, just as the rain falling in a thunderstorm sweeps down the dust and smoke in the air which is too fine to fall of itself. The lead sulfide was reduced to a little button of metallic lead, which was then placed on a clean plate of unglazed porcelain. Flux was added, and a tiny flame played on it to melt the lead and burn it away along with other base metals, until only a tiny bead of gold remained. The bead was so tiny it could only be seen with a microscope. Occasionally it got lost, and Haber had to report "Nicht zu finden" in his analysis tables. The eyepiece scale of the microscope was used to measure the size of

the bead, and from this the weight of gold was easily calculated. It was incredibly small; not six milligrams per ton, as had been believed, but around ten *micrograms* per ton, or one part of gold to 100,000,000,000 parts of sea water! The concentration varied widely from place to place, yielding data of great interest to oceanographers, but nowhere was it large enough to warrant the trouble of extracting the gold.

The processes we have described so far require skill and cleanliness and often special chemicals, but they do not demand anything out of the ordinary or especially costly in the way of equipment. Not so the modern physical techniques of analysis. To outfit a spectrographic laboratory, for example, costs easily ten thousand dollars. Yet institutions and industries are willing to pay for these instruments, for they get two main returns for their money: first, speed, which is of paramount importance in routine industrial analysis, and second, sensitivity, or the ability to detect very small traces. They do not, as a rule, get great accuracy.

For trace analysis of metals the most versatile tool is probably the emission spectrograph. Here the sample is heated in a flame, an electric arc, or an electric spark, and so made to emit light. Now every element gives out its own distinctive kind of light, different from that of any other element. We all remember from our undergraduate days the yellow flame of sodium (now used in highway lighting) and the purple flame of potassium, and we know only too well the orange light of glowing neon. In the spectrograph the light is analyzed into its different wave lengths by refraction through a quartz prism—quartz, because most of the light given out is ultraviolet, and this will not pass through glass. Emerging from the prism, the hundreds of separate beams, one for each wave length and a different set of wave lengths for each element, are focused onto a photographic plate and appear after development as an irregular pattern of lines of differing blackness. The blackness of the different lines is then compared accurately with a photoelectric cell, and conclusions are drawn regarding the abundance of the different elements present in the sample.

To give some idea what the spectrogaph is capable of, it can

detect one thousandth of one per cent of iron in "pure" aluminum, or one part of lithium in two million parts of ground-up rock. It can be adapted to biological work by putting some of the solution from acid digestion into the hollowed-out end of a carbon rod and striking the electric arc. It has the great virtue that it uses very little material. Thus the spectrograph was used to check the purity of the international radium standard, and revealed that this contained between 0.002 and 0.003 per cent of barium. A fascinating field of spectrographic analysis is in art and archaeology. The origin of prehistoric bronzes can be ascertained from the trace elements they contain, and no more than a speck of the object need be sacrificed to make the test. To help establish the authorship of a painting we may punch out a tiny sample of paint with a hypodermic needle (leaving no visible scar on the painting), place this in a carbon arc, and run its spectrum. If a blue paint contains cobalt, we know the picture was painted after the year 1800. If paint contains titanium, we can assign it to the twentieth century. The lot of a forger is harder than it was.

The atomic age has given us a new and ultra-sensitive method of analysis, the method of neutron activation. Certain elements, when bombarded with neutrons, yield unstable isotopes which for a while show intense radioactivity. Newspaper reports of the Bikini tests told how the first crews to go on board the target ships with Geiger counters found dangerous radioactivity wherever pockets of sea salt had remained, due to the sodium isotope Na-24. To use this effect for analysis it is not necessary to explode an atomic bomb, but merely to expose the sample to neutrons. However, the only places where concentrated streams of neutrons are to be found are in the atomic reactors. As long as we must take our samples to Oak Ridge, Brookhaven, or Chalk River for analysis, the method of neutron activation will be an expensive luxury; yet in favorable cases one-billionth of a gram of an element can be detected by it. The sample requires a minimum of pre-treatment and sometimes none at all, which minimizes the danger of accidental contamination.

Polarography, paper chromatography, isotopic exchange, ion exchange, microbiological assay—these are some more of the

techniques that help find traces. To use his tools intelligently, the analyst must be something of a physicist and must dabble in biology, besides having an acquaintance with most branches of chemistry. He must be versatile, but, as we have seen, he has to be a specialist; he must know more and more about less and less.

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# Two poems

BRUCE WOODFORD

## MICHELANGELO: PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS OLD MAN

Six years to wrest starvation from wet plaster,
Six rude years burning with a wretched flame,
Consumed in final visions of disaster;
Then from the scaffold of his dream he came:
One of his waking dead blinded with light.

Across the high walls of a large dream ended,
His human solitude endured that bright
And ultimate hour toward which all worlds tended;
Caught the shadow of Death's arrested flight
In unearthly light above Hell's burning gyre;
Staggered by soundless trumpets, saw cringing Sin
Creep naked toward its agonizing fire;
Stripped from the fabric of emaciate skin,
The mute terrors, shames, and pities men inspire
Made known before Love's unrelenting Light.

Now almost forgotten or considered dead,
He limped unsearching in each friendless street,
Companion to a cricket in his head
That chirruped his slow pace into the night:
Creature of dust again empty of desires.

But look upon such old men quietly;
His withered flesh hides there no mortal grace:
Moving toward one unfinished Pieta,
Spirit peers from behind that broken face.

## EMPTY ISLAND

Above Bikini tonight the moon is high
Where only yesterday we harvested the sky
In adumbration of that ultimate pyre.
Now the empty island lies silent as desire
Before love's long sleep. But here no cradle waits
For love's generation, nor grave consecrates
With fit veneration for that still sand
Spilled from the fingers of a loveless land.

O far in the silence in the high moonlight
Of some long night after a longer night,
Should later men explore this shattered place
For love's raised Phoenix from ruin of the race,
Let guilt, effaced from human memory,
Disperse our ash and brute mythology.

# Little England beyond the Missouri

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

On the evening of April 23, 1890, two hundred and twenty guests sat down to a banquet at Given's restaurant in Denver. While passers-by in the street might have wondered at the echoes of "Rule, Britannia" emanating from the establishment, those around the tables felt quite at home in their singing. The occasion was the annual banquet of the Sons of St. George, and Colorado's leading Englishmen, full of food and fraternal feeling, happily paid homage to both the "old country" and their adopted American state.

Mr. Thomas Tonge, a native of Manchester, England, delivered the principal address of the evening, dwelling upon the Earl of Derby's statement that America was forty Englands rolled into one. Tonge, now the proprietor of a Denver real estate and loan firm, told his audience that Colorado was a perfect representation of the Earl's statement. He recalled that the western coast of Pembrokeshire near Fishguard and Milford Haven had often been referred to as "Little England Beyond Wales" and suggested that similarly Colorado, which possessed a greater number of Englishmen in proportion to its population than any other American state, might well be called "Little England Beyond the Missouri."[1]

Few Western states have been so well publicized, both at home and abroad, as Colorado. All during the latter half of the nineteenth century articles of the most flattering nature appeared in both English and American journals, telling of the economic opportunities, the recreational facilities, and the exceedingly healthy climate the Silver State offered. Englishmen, in particular, were attracted. During the late Victorian years they possessed a surplus of capital, and the expanding economy of the American West was a powerful magnet which drew thousands of pounds toward its resource potential. Here was one of the most pleasant of the earth's remaining areas for exploitation. For small in-

vestors, entrepreneurs, or even "second sons" sent out by indulgent fathers to make their fortunes, the high plains and the mountain areas of the West seemed ideal. In addition to the possibilities of economic gain, there were ample fishing and hunting opportunities. For those who were not attracted by such recreations, there were long days of sunshine spiced by an atmosphere so bracing that one Englishman called it "champagne air." And whatever the newcomer sought, whether it was health, a mining adventure, or a cattle ranch, Colorado was by far the most popular Western state.

Denver gained its first rail service, by means of a connection with the Union Pacific from Cheyenne, in the spring of 1870, a little more than a year after the completion of the main line. Before long the rails stretched along the base of Colorado's Rockies, sending out dozens of antennae-like narrow-gauge feelers into the mining country to the west. Hundreds of Englishmen watched the process with interest and, when they learned that travel facilities had reached such a state of perfection, they decided that now was the time to participate in the westward movement.

Very shortly the English reading public was deluged with travel accounts describing the American West, with particular reference to Colorado. Those who had read earlier accounts of journalists like William Hepworth Dixon and Charles Dilke, visitors of the 'sixties, now chose to come and see for themselves. Trains that chugged into Denver brought retired ministers, lecturers, authors, hunters, speculators, invalids, and college boys—all anxious to see the wild West before it was tamed. Many of them kept diaries. While some had the open intent of publication, others alleged that their efforts were highly personal and secret, meant only to serve as a memento of the occasion. But in the case of the latter, the strain was too great, and pride of authorship overcame modesty. They also published their findings, that the English public might know about the Western wonderland. While many accounts were Gunther-like in their superficiality, others, such as that of Lord Bryce, were not only descriptive but analytical and thoughtful. Put them all together and they present a representative English view of Colorado, showing what outsiders, not

afflicted by the manifest destiny virus, thought of a frontier area undergoing the sometimes painful process of civilization.

While economic and recreational opportunities were great in Colorado, visitors seemed to be most struck by the climate. Like the present-day Denver newspaper that daily intones " 'Tis a Privilege to Live in Colorado," Englishmen also wrote in glowing terms of its climatic advantages. Where they had endured "weather" in England, they found "climate" here, and those afflicted by pulmonary difficulties noticed an immediate improvement. In 1872, J. E. Liller, English editor of *Out West,* published at Colorado Springs, estimated that at least one third of the territory's population consisted of "reconstructed invalids" and predicted that before long Colorado would be known as the great sanitarium of the world. So numerous were the consumptives and asthmatics that residents came almost to assume that any newcomer was afflicted by some disease he hoped to cure. Now and then their assumptions were resented, as was illustrated when one of the travelers, tired of questions about his health, snapped that he had no diseases and stunned his questioner with the additional information, "Anno Domini is my chief ailment!"

The average Englishman never tired of praising the Colorado climate and even indulged in the exaggerations employed by the natives to boost their part of the country. J. J. Aubertin, touring the state in the 'eighties, said the air "is like champagne" and compared it to dry wine. He even (Californians take note) maintained that the rain was "dry" because after a brief shower the air was brisk and fresh, without any "wet" feeling about it.[2] Another newcomer soberly recounted a conversation with "a tall Anglo-American cattle-breeder," who told him that "A man couldn't be sick if he wanted to in Colorado. I once knew a man who tried to make himself ill in order to get off serving on a jury. He ate nothing but fat pork and drank nothing but lemonade for a week, but he couldn't do it, sir. The air that you breathe in Colorado enables you to avoid anything."[3]

"Does anyone ever die here?" asked Lord Charles Russell, taking a long draught of the fresh morning air.

"Very few," answered a native. "They had to shoot a man a little further west to give their cemetery a start."[4]

Despite any tales of such desperate measures to start a cemetery, Coloradans appeared to be a surprisingly gentle breed. As early as the Civil War period, Maurice O. Morris, recently Deputy Postmaster General of Jamaica, took note of the orderliness he found in Denver. "I must say, all classes behave with a decorum and self-respect, which, in England we should hardly expect to find universal," he wrote. "Indeed, having heard much of the primitive manners and customs of the far West, it is disappointing to find merely a variation of the civilized world located here."[5] Phil Robinson, visiting the mining camps a few years later, expressed the same disappointment. He had expected to find the wild West "the Ultima Thule of civilization, the vanishing-point of refinement," as he put it. But when he got to such a place as Leadville, he had to admit that it not only was not rough, but was even "flirting with the refinements of life."[6]

Oscar Wilde also experienced a disillusionment about the wild West while in Leadville, but rather than admit it, he invented a story of the rough-and-tumble miners he met. Writing his *Impressions of America,* upon completing his tour, he recollected that "They are miners—men working metals, so I lectured to them on the Ethics of Art. I read them passages from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini and they seemed much delighted. I was reproved by my hearers for not having brought him with me. I explained that he had been dead for some little time which elicited the enquiry, 'Who shot him?' "[7] The *Leadville Herald* reporter, who took down every word the aesthete said, failed to hear any comments about Cellini whatsoever.

Most of the English travelers who saw the Colorado mines probably would have written Wilde's story off as the result of an Irishman's propensity to tell a good yarn. Even in the latter 'sixties, Henry Morton Stanley, soon to find Livingstone and fame, saw little that was crude or low about the men who mined the earth. "These hardy people are generators of future power and influence," he told his readers. "There is not a community of men that has more living and growing interest in whatever gives dignity and grace to humanity. They partake of the intellectual activity and moral integrity of New England as much as they do of the enterprising character of New York, and the characteristic of

hospitality of the South. The education of their children is carefully attended to, a large school fund being reserved. Neither is religion forgotten, for churches grace every hill."[8] Those who felt that the miner was somewhat rough around the edges hastened to add that as a class they were "clumsily striving . . . to adapt themselves to the customs of civilised life to which they were so long disused." And more than one proud Englishman was forced to confess that had many of these miners remained in Europe, "they might have guttered along in helpless poverty relieved only by intervals of crime, till old age found them in a workhouse," while in this new land of expanding economy, not only could a living be earned but along with it came the ability of a man to hold up his head and be an individual.[9]

"Come to Colorado" was the theme of a majority of Englishmen who visited it. Whether they were rich or poor, of the nobility or the lower classes, the travelers generally expressed the sentiment that here was the land of opportunity for the teeming masses of not only England, but of all Europe. For Cornishmen, or others who had mining skills, the Colorado mountains held unrevealed riches, and for a larger group of small farmers, the opportunity to "mine the miners" by selling them food products was great. A. B. Legard, in his *Colorado,* wrote that the miners "will not produce one single article of food for themselves," and consequently prices for agricultural products were unusually high and opportunities for the farmer were favorable.[10]

Proximity to market, rather than desirable agricultural lands, was stressed as a leading reason for successful farming in Colorado. Nearly all the travelers talked of the sparse rainfall and at an early date pointed out that irrigation was a necessity for those who wished to succeed in growing crops. By utilizing the run-off from the snow-covered mountains, almost any vegetable or grain grown in Europe could be raised, and where farmers farther east were plagued by the great distance to markets, growers here could sell food to a large and hungry dependent population. Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1880, J. W. Barclay stressed this notion to his countrymen and pointed out that because about half the population was engaged, directly or in-

directly, in mining, "agriculture is thus conducted under specially favourable local circumstances."

More attractive than the life of an ordinary "dirt farmer" was the utilization of land for cattle grazing. For upper-class Englishmen, and any who did not care to work with their hands, ranching had many obvious advantages. As one of the lady travelers pointed out, "cattle here in Colorado raise themselves," and this convenient circumstance made possible many hours of leisure or ample time for the chase.

Investments, large or small, seemed to bring extremely favorable returns since the animals grazed on the public domain, watched over by cowboys, or "aw-w-w-w, cow servants, you know," as one young Englishman named them, who worked for low wages. Once the investor could be convinced that the short brown tufts of grama grass were in actuality highly nutritious and that the cattle could survive the Western winter with relatively small losses, he readily bought a "spread" and established for himself on the high plains or the mountain meadows a sort of feudal domain where he lived in comfort and often in style.

Englishmen did not have to read Barclay's advice, as published in the *Fortnightly Review,* when he said that "If the stockman has the faculty to select good men—and such are to be had out in the West—he need not make himself a prisoner in his ranch, but may treat himself to a month's hunting in the mountains, or even a trip to England, without imperilling his interests." And while the lord and master was gone, the cattle would "wander about the plain—or try to wander, for they are so fat they can scarcely move," to employ the Earl of Dunraven's expression. The trouble with such an apparently desirable arrangement was that in Colorado a good many people soon found out about it, and by 1880 newcomers were being advised to try Wyoming or Montana, as Colorado was "filled up."

To those blessed with capital to invest, Colorado also beckoned. T. J. Livesay, an Englishman who had invested £ 30,000 in cattle, advised his countryman, Samuel N. Townshend, to make a similar investment, but other Englishmen in Denver told Townshend that to simply loan his money would bring a return of from ten to eighteen per cent. After looking around a little, Towns-

hend decided that the latter advice was good and wrote that for men who had £ 10,000 and upwards, all the western states offered a fine field of investment, with Colorado being the best place. "Money makes money, with amazing rapidity in Western America," he advised his friends at home. "Few local bankers in either Texas, Kansas, or Colorado now draw less than 50 per cent on the capital they originally invested, and so great is their political influence that they may be said to govern the country."[11] William Saunders, who visited the state in 1877, agreed that investment in Colorado was highly profitable and assured his readers that money could be loaned to the farmers with perfect security at 12 to 15 per cent.[12]

One of the farmers, from England, was somewhat more cautious in monetary matters, and warned his fellows: "Hold your cash tight, and let no one know you have any. The natives are splendid fishermen of money and will draw every dollar out of your pocket if they find where it is."[13] Most of the Englishmen, however, were willing to take a chance on the natives. The undeveloped West offered excellent opportunities for a high return on money invested, and the Victorian of means pursued his quarry as relentlessly as any Elizabethan seadog, willing to take long chances for the possibility of rich reward.

Major William Shepherd toured the United States in the early 'eighties and concluded that Colorado was a state better known by name to English folk than many of the older ones. There were still opportunities for amusement, occupation, or a new start in life in the Silver State, and he urged the young in England to emigrate. He felt, as had one of his countrymen who wrote of Colorado in 1879, that "there is no such climate in the world. You are always in health and spirits; the children rude and boisterous from too great vitality."[14]

In 1864 Maurice Morris had written that he doubted if one Englishman in a thousand was aware of the rich land snuggled against the mountains, but within a decade the name "Colorado" was a familiar household word in England. Colorado Springs, known as "Li'l Lunnon," was literally a British preserve and so sophisticated had it become that in 1877 Samuel Townshend moved on because he was "too rough for the *elite* of Colorado

Springs, where one is expected to dress rather better than in London."

Already the "Wild West" atmosphere had begun to fade away, and the natives laughed at Easterners and Europeans who came out, loaded down with enough artillery to furnish a platoon of soldiers. As the daughter of Charles Kingsley wrote of the newcomers, "Among their last acts before leaving the States, is the purchase of a pair of Colt's navies, and at least one of Bowie's brightest blades. A Sharp's carbine further contributes to the completion of the military outfit, while their trunks and valises fairly groan with multitudinous packages of cartridges and fixed ammunition."[15]

By 1880 Barclay could write that "already in the cultivable region Colorado has developed the principal amenities of civilization. As the country settles, free schools are built in every district .... The houses in which the farmers live are at first wooden-framed buildings, lined with sheets of paste board, and in that climate are found very tolerable. When the farmer makes a little money, he builds a brick house .... The general standard of living is high. People live well; everyone, including the farm labourer, has meat and tea or coffee three times a day."[16]

And best of all, wrote Townshend, almost in glee, "there are almost no Irishmen in it, and if it is a reserve at all it is an English one, almost every third ranch there being English property."

What more could any Englishman ask!

FOOTNOTES

[1]*The Denver Republican,* April 24, 1890.

[2]J. J. Aubertin, *A Fight with Distances: The States, The Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, the Bahamas* (London, 1888), 219.

[3]James Burnley, *Two Sides of the Atlantic* (Brandford, England, 1880), 141.

[4]Charles Russell, *Diary of a Visit to the United States of America in the Year 1883* (New York, 1910), 169.

[5]Maurice O'Connor Morris, *Rambles in the Rocky Mountains: With a Visit to the Gold Fields of Colorado* (London, 1864), 78.

[6]Phil Robinson, *Sinners and Saints: A Tour Across the States, and Round Them; with Three Months among the Mormons* (London, 1883), 45.

[7]Oscar Wilde, *Impressions of America* (Sunderland, England, 1906), 31.

[8]Henry Morton Stanley, *My Early Travels and Adventures in America*, 2 vols. (New York, 1895), I, 184.

[9]Allayne Beaumont Legard, *Colorado* (London, 1872), 142.

[10]Robinson, *op. cit.*, 44.

[11]Samuel Nugent Townshend, *Colorado: Its Agriculture, Stockfeeding, Scenery, and Shooting* (London, 1879), 116.

[12]William Saunders, *Through the Light Continent* (London, 1879), 57.

[13]"Colorado" [by "An English Farmer"], *Fraser's Magazine* (November, 1878), 628.

[14]William Shepherd, *Prairie Experiences in Handling Cattle and Sheep* (New York, 1885), 19, 20. "The Dark Side of a Bright Picture by a Colorado Settler," *Fraser's Magazine* (May, 1879), 660, 661.

[15]Rose Kingsley, *South by West, or Winter in the Rocky Mountains and Spring in Mexico* (London, 1874), 145.

[16]J. W. Barclay, "Colorado," *Fortnightly Review* (January, 1880), 125.

# Empty noon

WILLIAM E. WILSON

Philip Owen brought the loose-jointed old convertible to a skidding stop that sent a shower of gravel against the front steps of his mother-in-law's country house. Beside him, his wife, Kate, made no move to get out. Behind the half-veil that hung from her hat, her eyes, wide and dark, stared straight ahead into the cloud of dust that engulfed the car. Her face was white, her mouth a thin red line. Without turning her head, she spoke to their five-year-old son, who sat between her and her husband, clutching a yellow pinwheel in one hand.

"Here we are, Johnny."

Johnny leaned across her and looked out the window.

"Is this Grandma's house?"

"Yes."

"It's too big," Johnny said.

Kate heard her husband snort.

"That's the whole point, son," he said, as he flung open the door and got out of the car.

Turning her head slowly then, Kate Owen looked at her mother's house. It was indeed big. Looming against the pellucid New England sky, it was enormous. In contrast with the three-room flat they had just left in Philadelphia, it was overwhelming.

"It's really not so big as it looks, Johnny," she said, reaching for the boy's hand; but Johnny slid away from her and joined his father out on the drive.

"Only twenty-four rooms, Johnny. That's all," Philip said.

Kate was glad she could not see Philip's bitter, haggard face as he spoke to the boy. He was standing beside the car, and only the lower part of his baggy corduroy jacket and his long legs, in soiled and unpressed flannels, were visible. On the edge of the car door, his hand, with the red hairs standing up between the

knuckles and the large onyx ring glistening in the sunlight, lay as tense and thin as a bird's claw.

Johnny ran round in front of the car and up the steps of the house, shouting, "I want to see Grandma!" As Kate got out, she had a glimpse of Philip's blue eyes above the faded canvas top. They were looking angrily past her.

"That God damned dog!" he said.

Kate turned and saw her mother's big oafish German shepherd bounding silently round the corner of the house, and she started up the steps toward Johnny; but Philip, running round behind the car, intercepted her.

"Wait," he commanded.

On the steps, cut off from his mother and father, Johnny confronted the big dog alone.

"She won't hurt you, Johnny," Philip said, standing between Kate and the boy.

Johnny's mouth trembled, but he did not cry.

"Her name is Griselda," Philip said. "When she knows who you are and that you live here, she'll be your friend. Put your hand out and let her smell it."

Shifting the pinwheel, Johnny obediently extended his right hand.

"Grizzle—?" he said.

Griselda stretched her neck, sniffed at the tentatively proffered hand, and then began to lick it. Johnny made a face. Covering his fright with an air of patient martyrdom, he said to his father, "Does she know who I am now?"

"Yes," Philip said. He went then to the trunk compartment and began to take the bags out of it. "Griselda!" he muttered contemptuously. "Anyone who would name a dog Griselda!"

Stiffening, Kate went up the steps past the dog and took Johnny's hand.

The door opened, and a uniformed maid stood back to let them in. She was a short, square-faced, middle-aged Irishwoman who had been with Kate's mother since Kate's college days.

"Hello, Mary," Kate said and passed her quickly, avoiding her sharp scrutiny. Inside the house, she closed her eyes and absorbed

some of the cool, soothing gloom before she looked at the maid. "Is mother here?" she said finally.

The maid shook her head.

"She went to Boston this morning, Mrs. Owen. She won't be home till afternoon."

Kate relaxed a little.

"I hope you were expecting us for lunch, Mary."

Mary nodded.

"Your telegram come just after your mother left." She hesitated, glancing toward the open door. "Will he be staying?" she said.

"No, I think not," Kate said quickly and started up the broad, carpeted stairs, still leading Johnny by the hand. Johnny twisted about and waved his pinwheel at Mary.

"You're a fine, big boy," Mary said.

Afterwards, Kate heard Mary greeting Philip as he came in with the bags, and it seemed to her that Mary's voice seemed warmer and friendlier than it had been before. Philip said, "Mary, you're prettier than ever!" Upstairs, Kate closed the bathroom door against Mary's appreciative giggle and began to scrub Johnny's face and hands.

"I like Mary," Johnny said; and after Kate had finished washing him, he asked, "May I go out and play now?"

"Yes, I guess so."

When he was gone, Kate went reluctantly across the hall to her old bedroom, where she heard Philip setting down the baggage. He was standing by a window looking out when she reached the door, but upon hearing her, he turned about. For a long moment, he faced her in silence across the big room.

"Well, I guess this is it," he said at last.

Kate clutched the white doorjamb. She said nothing. A bitter smile twisted Philip's broad loose mouth, and his thin hands plucked at the pockets of his jacket. He looked very much as Johnny had looked a few minutes before, facing Griselda on the front steps. His big, pointed ears, silhouetted against the light of the window, stuck out distressingly, like Johnny's.

"No more three-room flats," Philip said, "no more moving from place to place, no more poverty and squalor."

"Don't," Kate said.

Philip glanced about the luxurious bedroom. His hands, growing more restless, darted in and out of his pockets like burrowing white rabbits.

"I don't really blame you," he said. "Nine different houses since we've been married, counting the trailer and the quonset. I believe you said nine."

"You know I'm not doing it because of that. You know it's because of Johnny," Kate said.

Philip uttered a short laugh.

"Sure," he said. "It's nice to have Johnny to do it for."

"Don't," Kate said again.

Philip looked down at her bags, which he had stacked in a corner by the window. Then, bracing his stooped shoulders and holding his restless hands still at his sides, he bowed to her in mock servility.

"Is that all, madam?"

For the first time, Kate was afraid she was going to cry. She rested her cheek against the back of the hand that still clutched the doorjamb.

"Oh, Philip, if only you'd let Mother help us," she said, in sudden desperation, "maybe you could stop—." But the echo in her words choked her, and she broke off.

"If only I'd let your mother buy the New York *Times* for me," Philip said. "Or the *Bulletin*. Almost everybody in Philadelphia reads the *Bulletin,* madam."

"Don't, Philip," Kate said again.

Without another word, Philip walked past her, out into the hall, and down the broad stairs. Kate remained in the bedroom doorway, looking at the back of his head, which was like Johnny's. At last, he disappeared; then she heard him go out the door, slamming it behind him; and after that, through the open window, she heard him start the motor of the convertible. There was a delay, and she knew that he was telling Johnny goodbye. Although she could not hear nor see them, she knew that he was saying, "Mr. Owen's boy?" and she could see how Johnny would be standing solemnly at attention, in the way his father had taught him. "Aye, aye, sir," he would say. Then she heard the convertible start, with a spurt of gravel against the steps, and Philip was gone.

Kate crossed the bedroom and sat, with her spine stiff and straight, on the edge of a chair by the window. She could not have said whether or not she had at last what she wanted. She felt no sense of escape, no sudden peace, but no regret either. She felt nothing but a kind of rigid emptiness in the silent noon that was neither freedom nor loss.

After a long while, she heard Johnny's voice in the driveway below the open window and realized that she had been listening to it for several minutes without heeding the words.

"I'm Johnny Owen," he was saying over and over, at even intervals and in a flat, monotonous voice. "I'm Johnny Owen."

Kate turned her head and looked down through the open window. The boy stood facing the house like a statue in the driveway. One foot was poised tentatively in front of the other, and he held the yellow pinwheel before him like a long-stemmed flower. There was no one else in sight, and he looked very small and lonely in the vast, bright silence of the noonday sun.

"I'm Johnny Owen," he said again.

Then Kate saw the dog. Griselda had come down the front steps and was approaching the boy cautiously, blocking his way in the drive. Johnny stood still. Dwarfing him, the big dog moved forward, stiff-legged, taking a single step at a time, its head cocked to one side.

Johnny timidly extended his hand.

"I'm Johnny Owen," he said. "You know me. I'm Mr. Owen's boy. I live here now."

# Television in Great Britain

LYNN POOLE

Regular television programs were beamed into British homes as long ago as 1936. This fact surprises many Americans. It has not been generally known on this side of the Atlantic that the British already were veteran televiewers when our first American programs were telecast.

In order to inform as large an American tele-audience as possible, the facts of British television were presented on the first of three programs on which I appeared in England in the late spring of 1952. As producer and moderator of "The Johns Hopkins Science Review," now in its fifth year of production, I was invited by the British Broadcasting Corporation to come to London to appear in a series of TV shows entitled "An American Looks at Science in Great Britain." The programs were transcribed for showing in this country at the Review's regular air time over the DuMont network. For the benefit of American televiewers, it was decided that the first program of the series should feature not only the scientific developments of British television but the history, techniques, and programing as well.

The BBC's first on-the-air TV program was aired from London in November, 1936. Viewing fare, before the war, consisted of full-length plays, light variety shows, and special event broadcasts, such as the coronation of the late King George VI, as well as popular British sporting events. Television from the BBC continued until the outbreak of World War II, when the broadcast center, Alexandra Palace, was closed down lest the station be used as a beacon for enemy aircraft. Operation of the Alexandra Palace studios was not resumed until 1946.

Television in England continues to expand in spite of the economic strain imposed by postwar reconstruction and the current defense program. The BBC has added to the spacious original facilities at Alexandra Palace a large block of five studios in the Lime Grove section. From these two London production

centers and from one at Manchester a daily average of five hours of programing is beamed throughout Great Britain. Plans for the future, still very much in the blue-print stage, foreshow the White City, a single television production center with all the BBC London studios under its one great white-domed roof.

At present the sending aerial atop Alexandra Palace stands six hundred feet above sea level, and programs emanating from this aerial reach televiewers in the southern part of England, where the total population is twelve million. Simultaneously with local distribution, the signals are transmitted by coaxial cable to Birmingham, 110 miles north of London, where they are radiated by still another transmitter to Sutton Coldfield, serving the Midlands of England with its population of somewhat under eight million. This transmitter was opened in December, 1949.

From Sutton Coldfield, coaxial cable takes the signal to Holme Moss, two hundred miles north of London. Holme Moss is currently the most powerful transmitter in the world. Its mast stands 1,700 feet above sea level on the bleak and rocky moors of Yorkshire.

I know how the country about Holme Moss looks because I climbed part way up the mast, and from my vantage point up several hundred feet I could see for miles over the countryside. Turning toward the north I had full view of the flat stretch of land over which programs are sent from Holme Moss to Kirk O'Shotts, four hundred miles north of London across the border into Scotland, a point half way between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Kirk O'Shotts, opened March, 1952, forms another link in the television network of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

With Mr. Andrew Miller Jones, the producer with whom I had the pleasure of working while I was in England, I traveled to Yorkshire for the inspection tour. Climbing the mast was not just a stunt. Mr. Miller Jones and I agreed that the inspection should be filmed so that televiewers in the United States could see for themselves the extensiveness of British installations. The effectiveness of the tour has been confirmed again and again since my return home by the number of people who have said that they had seen me "climb that tower."

Distances involved in British transmission are understandably

short and notably so when compared with our coast-to-coast networks. Our own four networks, telecasting simultaneously for the most part, send their programs from a few key points via coaxial cable and microwave relay. The BBC-TV has a single network broadcasting only one program at a time from either London or Manchester. From several conversations with Mr. George Barnes, Director of Television of the BBC, and with Mr. Cecil McGivern, Director of Programming, I feel certain that the situation in England will change. As a matter of fact, while I was in London, the government handed down its "white paper," which opened the way for a second network over which there might be limited commercial sponsorship.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, a non-profit organization, is operated by a Board of Governors and supported by a tax paid by all those who own receiving sets, either television or radio. The TV tax is two pounds (approximately $5.60 at the present rate of exchange) and the funds collected support the production and transmission of all television programs. There are no commercials, of course. The pros and cons of commercial and noncommercial radio and TV are, to me, not a point of argument. At the moment, the British do not have commercials; we do. I have long thought that it would be revelatory to exchange systems for a month. Viewer-response assuredly would be interesting if the British could have four weeks of our hard-hitting commercials and we could have their programs sans selling.

Quite seriously, I should like to see an exchange of programs typical of each country. I believe that those of us in production in England and the United States would profit by the experience. Certainly televiewers in each country would have an opportunity to evaluate the respective programing. The British have good programs and bad. So do we.

The great differences between British and American television are in quantity and selection. Many of our stations are on the air two-thirds of the way around the clock. The BBC has an average of five hours of programing a day. In most communities where television is available in the United States the viewer has a choice of two or more programs, though we still have a few one-station

cities. The BBC has a captive audience at all times, so the British viewer takes what he gets or does without.

A behind-the-scenes disparity involves the duties of producers. Producers in England are responsible for fewer programs than our producers. The producer of the BBC's science program evolves one forty-five-minute program each month. In sharp contrast, several American producers each turn out half-hour weekly science programs of the same caliber. I am confident that British producers are capable of preparing more programs. I am equally certain that American producers could profit by less production pressure. But the *meden agan* is an elusive Utopia for the future.

One accustomed to television in this country is conscious of the slow pace of the British programs. Production is neither fast-paced nor slick. It takes a few hours of viewing for an American to be able to relax to the British pattern. British viewers assure us that they become dizzy at the speed of our programs and confused by the insertion of commercials unrelated to the entertainment material.

A schedule of weekly programing in England reveals the same types of programs as ours: drama, variety, comedy, tips for housewives, cooking, special events, sports, quizzes, mysteries, panel discussions, and children. It is possible to compare favorably the British hour-long dramatic shows with our Philco Playhouse and Westinghouse *Studio One;* our prestige programs like *Peer Gynt,* given in three acts over a three-week period, with their *Back to Methusaleh,* Bernard Shaw's lengthy play presented by the BBC in hour-long segments on five different nights; their production of the ballet *Swan Lake* with our production of the opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors.*

Limitless time and effort go into the production and preparation of the BBC shows. As an example, let us take the full length *Swan Lake,* which was presented during my first week in London. Plans and arrangements were begun nearly a year before the show. Ballerina Irene Skourik was invited from the Vienna Opera to dance the leading role, and Premier Danseur Youly Algaroff of Paris crossed the channel to be the Prince. Elaborate sets, designed just for the one-performance TV program, were built with the sturdy durability of legitimate theater sets. Principals and the

corps de ballet rehearsed for as many weeks as if they had been preparing for a long road tour. Costumes of beautiful fabrics harmonized as if color television were a reality and not a future dream. The dress rehearsal was a finished production in every detail.

And speaking of finished production, the BBC occasionally goes into a commercial theater and gives its viewers a capsule of the current show's highlights. The condensed play or musical is given from the theater on an off-night, Sunday, or whatever day the show is normally closed. I saw the revue *Penny Plain,* starring the popular chanteuse and comedienne Joyce Grenfell. It has been proven that after such a TV teaser the show's box office increases. Certainly, it was with regret that I had to leave London without seeing *Penny Plain* in toto and on stage after the tantalizing hour on the TV screen.

Comedy is universal. Its approach and content vary with geography and apperception. The British laugh at the antics of their Terry Thomas while we chuckle along with Arthur Godfrey.

The BBC excels in the field of children's programs. Proportionately, the children do better in England than in this country! A much wider interest and age range is presented for them. For tiny tots there are quite elementary mid-afternoon shows. Serialized classics are dramatized in the late afternoon for school children, and at the same hours—on other days, of course—how-to-do-it programs encourage children to try elementary carpentry, to model in clay, to write in competition, to paint, and so on. A Children's Newsreel is announced by a teenager. The most popular performer on British TV is Muffin the Mule, a puppet whose ingratiating personality would undoubtedly gain him a wide audience of children and grownups in this country. Incidentally, British children are ardent fans of American Westerns, films which occasionally are shown on TV in England.

Most of the BBC announcers are women, and programs are opened with the announcer on camera—and screen. These announcers are chosen for beauty of face and voice. One of the first announcers of the BBC was Miss Jasmine Bligh, who discussed her announcing career on our programs about British TV. All three programs of "An American Looks at Science in Great

Britain" were opened and closed by Miss Sylvia Peters. British announcers dress for all programs after six; the men wear dinner clothes and the women formal evening gowns.

Many people have asked me about audience-reception of television in Great Britain. I would say that the British are avid TV fans. The *Radio Times,* the BBC's official weekly paper which lists events of radio and television and publishes thoughtful articles as well as personality sketches, has the largest circulation of any paper in the world. Every set owner receives the paper.

After my first program, I was stopped many times by strangers on the streets of London, in busses and in restaurants, and received numerous letters from viewers. All of these well-wishers expressed their pleasure that the programs were to be seen in the United States. The pleasure in this was ours, too, because the purpose of the series was to pioneer the exchange of programs between Great Britain and the United States. The programs were prepared under the direction of Mrs. Mary Adams, the Director of Talks for BBC-TV, whose international outlook and indefatigable efforts have brought forth so many fine programs in England.

In the United States, "The Johns Hopkins Science Review," a weekly demonstration of current developments in the entire alphabet of science from aeronautics to zoology, is a partnership production. The Johns Hopkins University prepares and produces the program; television station WAAM directs and presents it from WAAM's Baltimore studios; and the DuMont Television Network carries it to twenty-four cities from coast to coast. The three partners were proud that the program was honored by being the first American television program to be invited for a production series in England.

All those concerned with the project felt that such an exchange will add—already has added—much to the power of television as an educational medium. By showing some of the latest developments in science in Great Britain and detailing the close co-operation existing between the scientists of both countries, televiewers on both sides of the Atlantic again were reminded of the friendly relations and mutual contributions of the two nations.

It is good news to everybody, I hope, that a representative of the BBC will come to Baltimore early in 1953 to appear on three

science programs which will be seen by viewers here and in Great Britain. Our looking at British television and the British taking a look at our television should be but the first of many exchange projects between several nations, because television is a powerful mirror capable of reflecting each country as it is. One hopes that the mirrors will reflect mutual friendship between nations dedicated to the democratic way of life.

## PIETER DE HOOCH

By PHILIP MURRAY

Weary of delicate shadows and shades of brown
He took his paintings into the open air
And drenched his figures in dense, violent light
To capture the languorous atmosphere of Delft;
And even on this cloudy, colorless day
The old portfolio recaptures them.

In tiled courtyards or bright interiors
Sunlit ladies at leisure with cavaliers
Play at cards, or hold a music party,
Feed the pet parrot for a winsome child—
In hues of beetle-green, of lemon yellow,
Black and rose-vermilion, silver and plum.

(Continued from page 242)

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SARA KEITH, Catalog Librarian, Norlin Library, University of Colorado, received her B.A., *magna cum laude*, and her M.A. from the University of Colorado.

CLAY P. MALICK, Professor of Political Science, University of Colorado, is a student of American politics, the party system, and constitutional law. He has published widely in professional journals and is now preparing a book on American political habits and practices.

HARRY MUHEIM attended Stanford University and was in the Japanese Language School, University of Colorado, during a part of the war. Mr. Muheim now teaches writing at New York University, in the last few years has written eight TV shows, two documentary films, and some stories.

J. JOSEPH LEONARD resides in Ouray Colorado. He is writing a biography of an early-day Colorado newspaper editor. He has taught English at the University of Tennessee and at Washington University, St. Louis.

HAROLD F. WALTON, Associate Professor of Chemistry, University of Colorado, is the author of standard advanced textbooks in his field as well as of numerous popular and semi-popular articles on scientific subjects.

BRUCE WOODFORD is working for his Ph.D. degree at the University of Denver. He has published stories and poems in several of the smaller magazines.

ROBERT G. ATHEARN, Assistant Professor of History, University of Colorado, specializes in the history of the Western United States. Material for his article in this issue is taken from his forthcoming book *Westward the Briton*, which will be published soon by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILLIAM E. WILSON, former newspaperman, has published many stories. Among his books are *Crescent City* (novel), *Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek* (fictionized biography), *The Wabash* (Rivers of America Series), and the quite recent novel *The Strangers* (1952). From 1948-50, Mr. Wilson taught creative writing and was the director of the Writers Conference in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado. He is teaching now at Indiana University.

LYNN POOLE, Director of Public Relations, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, returned in May from London, where he was working for BBC in television programing.

PHILIP MURRAY, who lives in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a young poet whose work has appeared widely here and abroad in the past few years. A selection of his poems will appear in *The Ballantine Anthology of Living American Poets*, edited by Rolfe Humphries, which is to be published next fall.

ELEANOR LINDSTROM, Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, University of Colorado, gave valuable assistance in choice of color for cover of this (Winter, 1953) issue.

# The Colorado Quarterly

in three issues

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